

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 12, 1914.

The Week

President Wilson's message to Congress on the Panama tolls was a masterpiece of condensation. In less than 500 words he said all that is necessary, and with a force and impact that must go deep into the mind of Congress and the country. The gravity of his appeal is enhanced by his brevity. Some issues are too serious to be drenched in language. In the highest matters, saith the Preacher, "let thy words be few." The President has laid this to heart. And if there is truth in Voltaire's saying that it is not the books of many pages which move men to great social changes and even revolutions, but the broadside, the pamphlet, the thin volume all aglow with passion, it is certainly true that Presidents are not heard for their much speaking; that long and wordy messages to Congress which nobody reads cannot have the effect of a swift and direct utterance which all can take in in five minutes, and which is yet couched in such terms as to compel thought and thought yet again.

It was necessary that the President should state his personal conviction that the Panama act violated the Hay-Pauncefote treaty. This he did unmistakably. Long study of the matter has convinced him that Congress was betrayed into thinking it had a power which it had really parted with by treaty. If Mr. Wilson did not devoutly believe this in his own heart, he could not have gone to Congress with his moving appeal. But he does not rest the case on his own belief. He points, rather, to the consensus of opinion everywhere except in the United States; and throws himself upon Congress as the Executive who is directed by the Constitution to conduct foreign affairs, asking for the removal of an obstacle to a good understanding with other nations, and so to the success of our own country in dealing with great problems, to solve which we acutely need the good will and help of European Powers. We do not see how Congress can possibly reject his plea.

Mr. Oscar Straus is not of those who put the inviolability of party platforms above that of an international treaty. He openly repudiates the Progressive tolls-exemption demand of 1912, observing that a question of public honor is one in which partisanship, as well as campaign planks, is to be thrown to the wind. It is in the spirit of his declaration, "I honor the courage, statesmanship, and international conscience of the President when he appeals to the highest motives," that support from all three parties promises to be given the repeal bill in Congress. When both Democratic and Progressive leaders take the view of Mr. Straus, not much is left of the "sacred party pledge" of which Senator O'Gorman and some others would make so much.

The resignation of John Bassett Moore from the State Department is much to be regretted. So much is evident from Mr. Wilson's own words of thanks and praise. It is not necessary to go into the question how deeply Mr. Moore was dissatisfied with the conditions under which he worked—it is unfortunately quite clear that he was dissatisfied—to point out that this leaves the State Department without a single trained adviser and diplomatist in high place, if we except Mr. Adee. Without him there could, of course, hardly be a State Department, for, while Secretaries and counsellors come and go, Mr. Adee goes on forever. The loss of Mr. Moore is, therefore, peculiarly severe at a time when the President's most difficult problems are foreign ones, and there is considerable lack of confidence, not in his Secretary of State's earnestness of purpose, but in his tact and diplomatic knowledge and ability. Unless the President can promptly find another man of Mr. Moore's quality and experience, the prestige of the State Department will be still further impaired. In appointing Mr. William Phillips he has chosen just the right kind of young man for Third Assistant Secretary of State, one with experience abroad. This is a step in the right direction, a recognition at last that fitness and training do count. So far, the State Department has seemed to be run on the theory that its work

can be done by any one; and Mr. Moore's resignation must, for the moment at least, intensify the widespread dissatisfaction with conditions in it.

Gov. Colquitt and his Rangers ought to place themselves under the command of Senator Penrose, of Pennsylvania. For he has discovered the way to make war peacefully. In the statement which he issued on Sunday, as at once his own bid for reelection and an attack upon President Wilson, he lays down his position. He is opposed to war with Mexico. He has "never advocated political intervention in Mexico." All that he would do is to notify the Mexican authorities, civil and military, that they will be held responsible for "depredations to Americans or their property," and follow up this notice by "sending American troops to the threatened point to enforce the same." This beats the Texas Rangers hollow; and if President Wilson had a proper sense of patriotic duty, he would at once appoint Boies Penrose general in command of an invading army that is against intervention, and would scrupulously refrain from acts of war.

It will be interesting to see what the advocates of a big navy can contrive to say in reply to the appeal which a group of distinguished women has addressed to members of Congress. Every one of the six points of the appeal will put the Hobsons to their best efforts to make an answer that will stand investigation. Will they deny that arbitration has never been refused us when we have asked it; or that, with the exception of a brief war which we began, we have been at peace with the whole world outside of this continent for a century; or that, although we have maintained the Monroe Doctrine, we have got along with a small navy; or that Japan neither can nor cares to rear its horrid head against us; or that the man who sells guns is the last man to give impartial advice regarding the need of guns; or that we are losing by preventable diseases yearly many times as many as we have lost all told by foreign bullets? The whole matter is put into a nutshell in the sentence: "Nations, like men,

must prepare to deal with reasonable probabilities, not with fantastic possibilities." This is almost as statesmanlike an utterance as the ordinary Congressman could make!

The custom of delivering messages in person suffered a slight check the other day when Gov. Blease, removing his coat, suggested that he had a few blows to deliver along with his message. Physical and intellectual appeals are too contrary to mix well, and we can but think that it would be much better for the intellectual to precede the physical. Otherwise, the former might occasionally not be made at all. Broad-minded Americans will sympathize with the belligerent Governor. Here was an Executive to whom the letter of the law is killing, but whom its spirit maketh very much alive, compelled to listen to a mere Representative raise the technical point that the Governor was not within his Constitutional rights in addressing the Legislature in person. What would become of political aspiration if it were to be confronted at every point by the statute-book? In particular, what would become of rare souls like South Carolina's leading citizen? If the Columbia legislators know their business, they will encourage him to pour out his heart before them, for they may never see his like again.

The "Nuisance Act" which went into effect in Tennessee on Monday shows how every State prohibition law requires ingenious enforcing legislation. Directed against the three largest cities, Memphis, Chattanooga, and Nashville, which have defied the rest of the State to close their saloons, it compels obedience by putting the execution of the law in the hands of the judiciary. No more can recalcitrant officers balk its operation; hereafter, on complaint of ten taxpayers, armed with proper evidence, the courts are authorized to step in directly and close, as a "public nuisance," any place where liquors are sold. The saloons were shut at midnight with an avowal by the police that thereafter the cities would bow to the law they had fought, as town against country, for two years. The necessity for such a measure implies a sad reflection upon the ordinary guardians of local peace and order.

We suggest that Mr. George W. Perkins should address an open letter to the players of the National League and American League, proving that the age of competition is dead; and see what sort of answer he will get. If it were Rudyard Kipling who came up the bay last Friday on the *Lusitania*; if it were William II with the announcement that he was open for lecture engagements, the publishers and the lyceum agents would hardly have shown so much agitation as marked the arrival of the Giants and White Sox. Baseball "magnates" swarmed over the *Lusitania*, baseball "moguls" apparently went down on their knees to their players, holding between their clasped hands contracts for the players to fill out with their own terms. The record baseball salary has now been pushed up to one thousand dollars a year more than the salary of an Ambassador to the Court of St. James's. One player had a long-standing grievance against his club president involving unpaid salary. "The question was settled by the president handing over the amount in cash." Messrs. Tris Speaker, Mathewson, Tinker, and other baseball stars whom the advent of the Federal League has made happy, would decidedly disagree with Mr. Perkins on the decay of competition.

The detailed statement by J. P. Morgan & Co. to the chairman of the New Haven Railroad, as published in Monday's papers, answers conclusively the loose charge that the road had somehow been "bled" by its bankers to their own advantage, and that such a process was responsible for the company's present condition. The firm presents transcripts from its books, showing an exceedingly moderate average profit, whether in case of underwritings or of commissions as fiscal agents of the company. In several of the underwritings, prior to the "fiscal contract" between the New Haven and the bankers, there is reported an actual and substantial net loss by the banking house. In the matter of commissions on purchase or sale of securities for the railway, the commission paid to J. P. Morgan & Co. ranged from 1-16 of 1 per cent. to 1½ per cent. Considerably more than half of the amount thus financed carried a commission of ¼ of 1 per cent. or less. Regarding the insinuations made that the firm must

have obtained some large indirect or ulterior profits in these various transactions, the banking house now states to the chairman of the company:

Answering your specific inquiry, we beg to state that none of our firms, nor any member of them, ever had any interest in any properties, such as the Westchester, the steam railways, the trolley lines, or the steamship companies, acquired by the New Haven Company or any of its subsidiary companies.

The only exception to this comprehensive statement, it is pointed out, affected a relatively small holding in a wharf and terminal property, inherited by Mr. Morgan and transferred by him, on the basis of an outside appraisal, to the New Haven at that company's request.

It is on the now somewhat celebrated purchase of the New York, Westchester & Boston by the New Haven that public interest has specially converged. The formal opinion of Interstate Commerce Commissioner Prouty, last June, declared this to be "an enterprise which has cost the New Haven Company \$12,000,000 in excess of the value of its property on its own showing," and further stated, as a result of examination of the New Haven's books, that "so far as those records go, this money has vanished into thin air." The Messrs. Morgan now submit book entries and official correspondence to show that the firm's advances of capital in connection with the operation were made as fiscal agents of the New Haven, for the account of the company and under its instructions, and without profit to the banking house. Mr. Oakleigh Thorne, who was interested in the financing of the Westchester undertaking, declares in an interview that the New Haven "obtained on the investment a return that justified the deal," and that the assertion that \$12,000,000 "vanished into thin air" is absurd. But Commissioner Prouty's opinion rested on the fact that the New Haven's payment exceeded by that sum the company's own official statement of the tangible value of its property. The fact that J. P. Morgan & Co. have cleared themselves from the imputation of undue profits on their own account, therefore, leaves the question open, Was this payment, so largely in excess of estimated value, warranted? If it was not, then it ought to be ascertained whether any one, responsible for the transaction, obtained a wrongful pecuniary profit. If it was, then the truth

of the matter ought to be made public, in justice to all concerned. The Interstate Commission, under the instructions of Congress, is now engaged in an investigation which should answer these questions.

The figures of unemployment in Chicago, resulting from a canvass made by the Police Department at the request of the Federal Commission on Industrial Relations, are extremely interesting. The total number of unemployed men (we give the nearest thousand throughout) was found to be 46,000; and of these 38,000 were residents of the city. These figures are so vastly below any such percentage of the population for Chicago as was presented by the number of unemployed men given in the A. I. C. P.'s estimate for New York, as to make it in the highest degree probable that the latter number was far beyond the fact. The Chicago police census may be more or less imperfect, but it is safe to assume that it is a close approximation to the truth. Out of the 46,000, the number set down as "honestly hunting work" is 33,000, leaving 13,000 of the kind that are not of this type. Thirteen thousand is also the number that are classed as "skilled workmen," and many of them must be accounted for by the building trades. In these the exceptionally high pay during the season goes far to balance the off-season unemployment, which is counted on in advance, and thus the number of skilled workmen who can be supposed to be suffering great hardship does not appear to be at all formidable.

The leaders of the I. W. W., an organization consisting almost entirely of leaders and organizers, are bound to protest against the peculiarly infamous nature of the persecution to which they have been latterly subjected. We are not referring to the arrest and imprisonment of the "army" which has been investing the churches in this city. Arrest and imprisonment are a species of attack which the I. W. W. welcomes as a form of martyrdom which is essential to the ultimate triumph of their ideas. A much more cruel form of persecution was brought into play by Gov. Johnson of California, when he offered work to the unemployed crusaders at Sacramento on their way to Washington. It was almost as brutal an assault as the dec-

laration made by the charity authorities in this city, that there was no need for the unemployed to march on the churches, since the city's resources were sufficient to take care of everybody who applied for food and shelter. This is inhuman warfare. Gov. Johnson and the heads of the Municipal Lodging House in New York might just as well have called out the army and the police against the I. W. W. demonstrators. Such action would have interfered less cruelly with their plans.

The paradox that it is the exclusiveness of *cum laude* and *magna cum laude* degrees which leads our university youth to think that they are not worth trying for seems a somewhat perilous basis for college policy, but Princeton has boldly made use of it. That it has an element of truth has been proved by the British universities, with their wholesale distinction between "honors" and "pass" degrees. The English student who will not put on the higher steam required in an attempt to avoid the "pass" degree is a sorry young man; and even in Scotland, where it has lately come to represent a formidable standard, he is distinctly below the average. The adaptation of the British plan which the Princeton faculty has just announced includes not merely an equally broad distinction between the degrees with honors and without honors, but a requirement that each candidate for honors must enroll, in general, early in his course. It is thus hoped to mark off those who loaf through on a bare margin, and, by furnishing a more general incentive for intellectual distinction, foster a college sentiment that any student not aspiring to honors labels himself at the outset as wanting in academic self-respect. About 60 per cent. of the first class eligible have already enrolled. This experiment in making scholastic distinction democratic, while still keeping it high in significance, will be watched with interest by other colleges.

Mr. Asquith's proposals, in the matter of the Home Rule bill, have been accurately foreshadowed in the recent press reports. In undertaking to allow each county in Ireland to vote on the question whether it will come under the Dublin Parliament, the Prime Minister

goes over, by so much, to the Unionist demand for a plébiscite, and also for the exclusion of such parts of Ulster as may decide to be excluded. The offer has been coldly received by Bonar Law and Sir Edward Carson, but this was to be expected. The Unionists would not be really enthusiastic over anything short of complete surrender by the Government. Yet it is plain that the Prime Minister's proposal is shrewdly conceived as a means, if not of final and peaceful solution, at least of postponing the crisis and giving the country ample time to think the matter over. Moreover, it is a plan that cuts very deep, logically, into the Ulster contention. This has been that Ulster Protestants simply would not submit to the Catholic majority of Ireland. But if that is so, the Protestant majority—a very small one—in Ulster cannot demand that the Catholic minority in the province submit to it. What Mr. Asquith has done is to suggest that the splitting-up process, on which Ulster has insisted, be carried a little farther. There is no likelihood that the plan will meet with early acceptance, but neither can it be rejected out of hand, as Sir Edward Carson's plea for a modification shows; and to have gained time for consideration is much.

In view of the fact that with the arrest of the South African labor leaders the backbone of the strike movement was broken, it would now appear that by expelling the strike leaders from the country the South African authorities have only given an enormous amount of free advertising to the cause of their opponents. Had the leaders been allowed to remain in Africa under detention, the probabilities are strong that the pacification of the country would have proceeded very much as it did. Premier Botha and his fellow Ministers could hardly have contemplated the possibility of the imprisoned men being liberated by an armed uprising. In jail at Pretoria, or Johannesburg, Messrs. Bain, Poutsma, and their associates would have been no greater source of embarrassment than they are to-day, in view of the remarkable expression of protest in Great Britain against the arbitrary act of the South African Government. The question of Imperial citizenship would not have been thrown open as it has been.

SHORT CUTS TO THE MILLENNIUM.

It must be confessed that the whirlwind reformers of this poor old world and all that is therein are getting on. One objection which used to be made to their plans no longer serves. A common remark upon vaguely benevolent schemes to make the earth over formerly ran like this: "What you say may be all very well, and certainly does honor to your heart, but you must admit that such ideas can never be enacted into a statute. To draw a bill embodying your proposals is beyond the wit of man. And you must perceive that, no matter how fine are your speculations about the future, they can never be reduced to practice unless they can be stated in terms of law."

If this once had power to put to confusion impatient yearners for the millennium, that power is now lost. Every man of them is to-day ready with his little bill to provide a short cut to peace and plenty and the earthly paradise. Consider, for example, two bills lately introduced in the Massachusetts Legislature. One of them, House bill No. 1,861, proposes to abolish poverty by the easy method of re-defining it. Section 1 provides that "all poverty existing in Massachusetts shall be regarded and treated as a disease." One sees the simplicity as of genius in this. The moment you are compelled by law to conceive of the poor man as a sick man, you instantly see the need of a "new type of physician" to treat him. Such a type is specified in the bill, to be "trained and paid by the State"; and, thereafter, the same sort of "organized warfare" which we now wage against tuberculosis, for instance, shall be made upon the twin-disease, poverty. What could be more severely practical?

The other bill—House bill No. 1,864—is more ambitious but equally confident. It proposes nothing less than "the intelligent, voluntary reorganization of society upon lines embodying modern ideas, to establish justice, social efficiency, and happiness." This looks like a large order, but the means prescribed are as large as they are loose. The thing is to be done in convention assembled. All residents of the State, as well as "individuals and organizations in any part of the world," are to be summoned to convene "next autumn or winter," and "submit plans" for making all

things new. Some of these are to be laid before the Legislature for "immediate adoption," though others are to be held back until "general arrangements are completed." As between these two bills, the *Springfield Republican* thinks that the Legislature will prefer the scheme of a "perpetual welfare congress," since "in time it might talk its head off, with no harm done."

Such flighty projects are not, of course, to be considered an alarming sign of the times. The bills will probably be heard of no more. They may have been introduced merely "by request." It is impossible to imagine their having a serious backing or receiving serious attention. At the same time, they suggest the sort of ideas that are afloat, and the great ease with which they now get an airing and even solemn embodiment in a proposed piece of legislation. Behind any particular display of folly of this kind there lies the larger folly of supposing that poverty can be abolished, and society completely reorganized—if only people would put their heads together, draw a suitable bill, put it on the statute-books, and then thank Heaven that they are done with *that* job. We have always had with us the panacea-men, and the men with skeleton keys guaranteed to unlock every door that bars the race from progress; but the symptomatic thing is that they are getting both more numerous and more pushing. Entirely convinced that their favorite social remedies are infallible and also easy to understand, they cry out that a chance ought to be given to the people to vote whether they will accept the remedies or not.

It would be wholly unfair to class with the Massachusetts freak bills the proposal in New York to submit to a referendum the plan of halving the tax on buildings in this city. In favor of this measure a petition was presented to the Legislature last week, signed by several thousand names. Now, we should never think of asserting that they and the promoters of the bill are crack-brained. Their project is one on which there is a great deal of serious argument to be advanced, on either side. But the point is that the plan is obviously one very involved, very hard for even the closest students to form a sure judgment upon, and one that is as ill fitted as could be imagined for inviting an off-hand popular verdict upon. Yet a sin-

gle-taxer will not hesitate to affirm in print that the scheme is so "perfectly clear" as to be just the thing to be submitted to popular vote. We suppose that the electors would merely be asked to say whether they wanted their rents reduced! That would align the proposals with those which Jack Cade submitted to a referendum—namely, that the three-hooped pot should have ten hoops, and that in England seven half-penny loaves should be sold for a penny—and on which he got triumphant popular support. It is very easy for a King Gama to lay question-begging projects before the electors, with the result that

This people mild politely smiled
And voted them delightful;

but this neither removes the difficulties nor averts the consequences.

THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.

A meeting was recently called at Cooper Union in this city as a protest against the suit for criminal libel brought by the Associated Press against the editor and the cartoonist of *The Masses*, a Socialist monthly publication. Into the merits of that lawsuit we do not propose to enter. But what is the state of mind at the bottom of the sympathy manifested for the assailants of the Associated Press? That state of mind was pretty fairly represented by Amos Pinchot, the first speaker at the meeting. "It doesn't matter about Mr. Noyes," said Pinchot, "but it does matter if the Associated Press is a common carrier and a monopolistic concern which gives out only such information as will lead to conclusions desired by the officers in control of it."

Now of course neither Mr. Pinchot nor anybody else believes, or means to be understood as believing, that the Associated Press literally "gives out only such information as will lead to conclusions desired by the officers in control of it." And it is not worth while to quarrel over what is obviously a bit of rhetorical license. But, if he is sincere—and we do not question his sincerity—his words indicate a belief that there exists at least a distant approach towards such a state of affairs. He believes—and doubtless good men and women believe with him—that there is systematic and deliberate suppression of news by the management of the Associated Press, and that on a great scale. That these good people are victims of

a delusion, we do not hesitate to say. To prove this would indeed be difficult; all we can attempt is to show the nature of the delusion, and to give some idea of the kind of nourishment on which it is fed. In the course of a year, there are hundreds of thousands of items of news handled by the Associated Press. Among them it must inevitably happen that some fail to get proper attention; once in a long while an item of importance must even fail to get on the wires at all. This may arise through accidents of haste; it may arise through the incompetence, or the dishonesty, or the partiality of the local man on whom the Associated Press relies for its supply of the news of a given place. Now, if a social or economic reformer is eagerly watching for any sign of the corrupting influence of capital, he is bound to find omissions which relate to the matter he has at heart. The astonishing thing is that so few instances of this kind have been seized upon. But the *nature* of the instances is even more significant than their paucity.

A single, but striking, example of this must here suffice. Prof. E. A. Ross, in an article in the *Atlantic Monthly* on "The Suppression of Important News," presented just one instance in the field of political news of a general nature. When the Supreme Court of Oregon sustained the constitutionality of the initiative and referendum, the news, he says, was not sent out to the press of the country. We have not taken the trouble to find out whether this is true or not. But assuming it to be true, what is the conclusion we are rationally to draw? Did the Associated Press expect to keep it a secret that the people of Oregon were going to continue to have the initiative and referendum? Does it try to keep the annual results of the Oregon referendum votes secret? Is it likely that the Associated Press was so solicitous about the suppression of this particular bit of news, when it sends out every day news a thousand times more revolutionary or radical in its nature? These questions answer themselves; that they should not have occurred to a man of Professor Ross's intelligence is remarkable evidence of the way in which prejudice may paralyze judgment. And any one who uses his judgment must see that precisely the same consideration rules out, as having no significance whatever, nearly all the isolated in-

stances of alleged suppression that are cited. They are few in number; and in kind they can be matched a thousand times over by items far more objectionable to "capitalism," which are promptly flashed over the wires and conspicuously printed in the newspapers.

Now to say this is not to say that the Associated Press is faultless; not even that it is free from grave defects and shortcomings. In the matter of the West Virginia labor troubles, for example, it is not impossible that it may have fallen far short of what might properly have been expected of it. One of the really serious weaknesses of its system is that frequently—though by no means always—it is slow in rising to the gravity of a situation. For its news from the thousands of points—other than the principal centres—whence its dispatches come, it must depend normally upon local men, men connected with the local newspapers; and it is thus exposed to the danger of being supplied with news colored in accordance with the interests or prejudices of the locality or the attitude of a particular paper. For this danger it ought to be on the lookout; and as soon as a situation begins to present aspects of great general interest, it should send an able and trustworthy special representative to the spot. This it actually does do very frequently, and the duty is more clearly recognized now than ever before; but there are undoubtedly cases in which it has been remiss, with unfortunate consequences. But it is one thing to charge it with not coming up to the full measure of an extremely high and arduous responsibility, and an altogether different thing to accuse it of wilful and systematic suppression. The falseness of the accusation none know so well as those who are most intimately acquainted with the actual working of the Associated Press.

AMERICAN UNIVERSITY PRESSES.

At Yale's recent alumni gathering, when graduates flocked back to see the University in workaday clothing, no new thing was exhibited with more pride than the Yale Press. Treasurer Day, as the *Hartford Courant* reports, "opened the eyes of the alumni when he told them that many who had never heard of Yale were led by the fame of the Press to look into the fame of the University. He said that one of the largest

orders recently came from Japan. The Press already had 125 volumes to its credit, and spread Yale thought broadcast about the world, and encouraged worthy scholarship generally, not confining itself to Yale." President Hadley remarked in his speech that the Yale Press had just published a volume by one of the professors which nearly every important firm in America had rejected, and was fast making money on it! He added, of course, that the object of the Press was to issue such books without thought of loss or gain. Either way, the Yale alumni may well take pride in such an institution as in nearly half-a-dozen of our universities has of late years become prominent—the endowed university press. Its possibilities are fast forcing attention outside academic circles.

The actual achievement of such presses is considerable. It is, moreover, of surprising breadth when one takes into account how carefully each university press has limited its scope and ambitions. The formal statement of the press established last year would serve for all: "Inaugurated primarily for the publication of books of a highly scholarly character, the Harvard University Press aims to aid in the advancement of knowledge by making possible the wide distribution of the work of the foremost scholars of the world. It does not plan, however, to compete with the commercial publisher, since its chief function will be the issuance of books not commercially profitable." The Princeton Press, housed and equipped in 1911 by gift of Charles Scribner, '75, was organized under the act providing for "associations not for pecuniary profit," and specifically chartered "to operate a printing and publishing plant for the promotion of education and scholarship." Yet how much can be accomplished under this severe programme is shown by that older establishment, the University of Chicago Press. Its assortment of astronomical and mathematical signs, special type-setting apparatus, with fonts of Syriac, Arabic, Greek, Hebrew, and Ethiopic characters, were the jealous pride of President Harper in the 'nineties. Many of its 26 widely circulated journals would be impossible to any but an endowed press. Such recent titles among its 650 books as Loeb's "Mechanistic Conception of Life," McLaughlin's "The Courts, the Constitution, and the Parties," Bronson's "American Poems,"

and others are calculated to excite envy in the ordinary publisher. The publications of the Yale Press are of sufficient general interest to repay general advertising. Yet these works involve no departure from the original purpose.

As to the value of such a Press to the university world, it lies necessarily in scholarly publications, and in giving permanence to the results of scientific research. To set down the function of a university press as "relating the humanities to the general national life," is largely mistaken. There is no end to the difficulties the faculties would meet if they began to seek mouthpieces of this colossal sort. The presses are maintained to encourage the investigation of fact, by taking works which the ordinary book-world refuses, and yet giving them a wider currency than they would get in the ordinary form. Exact scholarship of a petty, burrowing kind has already stimulation enough; but the university presses, standing midway between such scholarship and the writing of books for the commercial public, can lift it to a higher, freer range. They can be invaluable, moreover, in encouraging specialized *magna opera* that would otherwise be unattempted. An exhaustive grammar of the English language, for example, is a desideratum admitted to have been stifled by the certain prospect of refusal on any terms by any publisher. It would be unfortunate, as President Hadley implied, if in the whole mass a book of wide intellectual appeal did not often crop out. Works that active and able professors are always producing for the general publisher might be included for the specific purpose of inviting general attention to the lists of the university presses.

It is true that the university reviews interpret their mission broadly, and have even been stated to fill the gap with the cultivated public which the "popular" magazine has left. But their distinction from the journals of scholarship has always been clear. They print formal essays of a critical character, and exploit a field of abstract thought. They stand apart from the university presses, which have to represent not only the guardianship of knowledge and the critical reworking of ideas, but the search for concrete, buried truth. Properly, of course, the reviews are simply one phase of the general university press movement; the al-

liance between learning and printing must take on many sides. It is this whole alliance which is significant of the awakening of our universities to their opportunity to disseminate learning far beyond the campus, "not merely from time to time, but all the time."

SPADES AND SHOVELS.

The "repeal of reticence" Miss Repplier calls it in her *Atlantic* paper, this frenzy of plain speech on subjects proper and improper—mostly improper—that characterizes public discussion today. At one end of the scale the college professor who believes sincerely in the necessity of teaching a certain amount of sex hygiene to children; at the other end of the scale the Broadway manager who has capitalized the brothel; between the two a whole army of writers, speakers, educators, agitators, more or less intelligent, more or less sincere, who have been working on the single assumption that the evils of the world need only to be sufficiently advertised to be cured—this is the situation. Let the reader consult Miss Repplier's extremely forceful statement for himself. He will disagree with some of the things she has to say. He will agree with most of the things she has to say. We have little doubt that he will agree with her main thesis, which is that noise and progress are not synonymous; that the Puritanism which is so bitterly flagellated was a Puritanism of utterance which did not stand in the way of a fair appreciation of the facts of life; and that in general the trumpeted revelations of social evils are largely the emphatic way a young generation always has of announcing the discovery of things which their fathers have known all along. But for the moment we are less concerned with the amount of good and bad involved in the abolition of reticence than with the causes that have brought about this remarkable change in our habits of speech.

The emphatic note, or the hysterical note, as one may choose to call it, was struck first some ten years ago by the "muckrakers." We use the term in no invidious sense. There are few people nowadays who will deny that, along with a vast amount of exaggeration, the great magazine crusade which began roughly with Mr. Lincoln Steffens's "Shame of the Cities" has been productive of some

good. How far the magazine crusade was merely a symptom of the Social Awakening we now speak of, how much it was an accelerating cause, it would be difficult to determine. The point is that in the discussion of public problems the academic note made way for the loud note. The high pitch may have been due to sincere conviction, or it may have been merely blatancy, as with "Frenzied Finance." But the key for public discussion had been set. Later the note grew more and more shrill, until, in accordance with the law of physics, it resolved itself into silence. But at the beginning there was a certain justification. In speaking of bosses, of grafters, of the entire family of leeches that had attached itself to the government of our cities and States, there was an excuse for not mincing words.

The habit of loud speech received a new impetus from the woman movement—suffrage in its narrower aspect, feminism in its broader connotations. The application of the muckraking rhetoric to feminism was all the more natural because the woman movement is so intimately a part of the social agitation which opened out of the campaign against political misrule. It was impossible to speak of bosses and political corruption without speaking of the vicious saloon and the brothel, those twin supports of bossism. To what extent our reticence in the terminology of sex is due to the very genius of the English language, and to what extent it is due to Puritanism, hardly matters; the fact remains that where other nations used plain terms we were in the habit of employing euphemisms or circumlocutions. We spoke—and for that matter still speak very often—of "unfortunates," of "the social evil," of "resorts."

But in the striving for more and more emphasis on the one hand, and on the other in the great numbers—young men and women for the most part—who gave themselves sincerely to social service, the straight-from-the-elbow vocabulary was bound to make its way. Young men and women who went down to the tenement districts, who began to concern themselves with nurseries, settlement houses, dance halls, moving-picture theatres, with the entire life of the poor among whom the reticences, the privacies, and the delicacies of life are apt to undergo considerable modification, naturally acquired the habit of

plain speech. To the degree in which the lives of these young women from the well-to-do families became less sheltered, their vocabulary became less sheltered. Thus the way was prepared for the technical discussions of problems of sex morality and of race improvement.

Behind such specific causes working for the abolition of reticence is the outstanding feature of our national psychology, our genius for throwing ourselves with unrestrained enthusiasm and credulity into what we are doing. The process may not last; it usually does not last, because of this very excess of energy we apply; but the habit is there. Because we are a nation of business men, other nations are accustomed to call us a practical people; what they mean is that we are an intense people. We work hard and play hard and break down from overplay as from overwork. We are not practical. We are a nation of believers in patent medicines and panaceas. The latest thing that comes along is sure to regenerate the world. It may be eugenics, it may be the Boy Scouts, it may be the direct primary, it may be grated peanuts. Grated peanuts are not merely a food; taken in sufficient quantities they will make us successful in business, purify our politics, adjust our industrial problems, and solve the servant question.

OFFENSIVE COLLEGE "LOYALTY."

The reasons why a man should have a feeling of gratitude, or even devotion, to his college are so plain that they do not need to be stated. To put it on the lowest ground, he is a beneficiary of the institution in which he was educated. What he got was furnished to him at less than cost. The opportunities which he enjoyed represented charity, and possibly sacrifice, on the part of those who endowed his college; or else a free gift from the State. To be insensible to all this would argue him an ingrate. It is no particular credit to a graduate to be what is called "loyal" to his Alma Mater. The virtue, if it be a virtue at all, belongs to the negative class. To display it is no merit, though to be without it would be a disgrace.

In a true and just sense, also, a college man should cherish grateful remembrance of his teachers. They did their best for him ungrudgingly, often, as he is compelled to admit on later re-

flection, having to work on most unpromising and refractory material. In opening his mind and enlightening his ignorance, they did him as great a service as it often falls to one man to bestow upon another. Not to have a proper sentiment in return for all this would be most unworthy. Something of this must have been in Herder's mind when he said that a scholar who attacks his teacher "bears Nemesis on his back and the sign of reprobation on his forehead." All right-minded college men agree to that. In this and many other significations of the word "loyalty" that might be mentioned, they fully concede and act upon their duty to be loyal to their college.

There are, however, certain extensions or perversions of the idea which they balk at and resent. One of the worst of them is the fantastic notion of college "loyalty" which has grown up in connection with undergraduate athletics. It has often been exposed. The Headmaster of Phillips Andover recently wrote about it in the *Atlantic* with both wonder and severe condemnation. How does it come about that a set of ordinarily decent and manly and honorable young fellows apply an utterly false and indefensible moral standard to athletics? How is it that they will condone and even applaud trickery, wink at cheating, and keep silent in the presence of manifest falsehood? Why, it is because they are bidden to do so in a spirit of intense loyalty to their school or college. And, of course, the thing spreads into graduate life. An alumnus is looked upon as a poor creature who will not go and cheer himself into a frenzy, and chill himself into a rheumatism or a fever, at one of the "big games."

Upon another strange form of graduate college loyalty we feel bound to say a word. Every alumni association must know the type of man we mean. He is the graduate, of anywhere from five to twenty-five years' standing, who makes himself a perpetual nuisance and offence through excess of what he calls "loyalty." In his case, it moves him to be forever babbling about the "dear old college," or else calling upon everybody he meets to yell for the class of 1890. He infests college reunions, clapping strangers on the back and putting his arms about college mates, and shouting that he never can forget the time when

Jones made a hit with the bases full. At every college dinner he gets tremendously effusive, as a result either of drink or a rush of sappiness to the head, and makes a speech declaring that if he could only let you see his heart you would see that all his blood ran blue, or white and green, or orange and black, as the case may be. This terrible college loyalist is the getter-up of all kinds of uncouth and impossible alumni "movements." He is all the time proposing new funds, or passing around subscription-blanks, or writing impudent letters to people whom he does not know demanding that they join his particular organization, or send him a thumping contribution, all for the greater glory of the college to which he is so insufferably loyal.

He is ordinarily so dull and thick-skinned, this type of graduate, that it is almost hopeless to seek to wake him to his folly, or make him see how offensive he renders himself to his fellow-alumni. But if any word of ours could penetrate the dark of his intellect and his sensibility, we could wish that it might rouse him to perceive that a man who has nothing to brag of but his college degree has a poor excuse for boasting. If he learned anything worth while during his college course, he should have learned not to behave like a bouncer; and if he has not learned anything since—as he usually makes it too plain that he has not—he ought somehow to be made to feel that his insistent and protesting identification of himself and all his interests with the college through which he somehow scrambled, is not the highest compliment to his Alma Mater. There was a time in this country when the name Loyalists meant something hateful. Such some forms of loud-sounding college loyalty might easily become.

MISCELLANEOUS GERMAN BOOKS.

It seems rather early to be writing the memoirs of Young Germany. But since Germany has abandoned the tradition of honoring its poets only after their death and is celebrating their fiftieth birthdays, why should not these poets begin their reminiscences as soon as they like, unless on the ground that age brings perspective? Max Dauthendey's "Gedankengut aus meinen Wanderjahren" (Munich: Albert Langen) suffers from the short-distance view of forty-six years. Yet it is an interesting attempt; for the author's recollections

are more than autobiographical, they trace the evolution of his generation, spiritual and æsthetic. The thread that runs from Flaischlen's "Martin Lehnhardt" and Hauptmann's "Einsame Menschen" to the first part of Dauthendey's memoirs is readily recognized. His was not an individual but a typical case. Religious doubts tortured not a few of the young men in the last quarter of the century, before a reading of life based upon science set their minds at rest. The conclusions at which Dauthendey arrived under the influence of his philosophical friends differ little from the monistic philosophy which has taken the place of dogmatic creeds among the intellectuals of his generation. But there are many pages in the two volumes in which the individual and not the type speaks, and these pages have an intimate charm.

Dauthendey's strong attachment to the soil of his fathers, his love of his mother tongue, his faith in the love of woman and the durability of the marriage tie, are expressed with simplicity and sincerity. Nor has his love of home a note of that nationalism which by overemphasis becomes repulsive. His first impressions of Italy, based upon a very brief visit to Venice, are puerile. England he visited with a more open mind and in a more receptive mood. Scandinavia won his sympathies by subtle beauties of nature and a certain freedom of line in the physical build of the people as in their habits of life and mode of thought; eventually it also captured his heart. But his attitude towards France and the French is perhaps the most surprising: it has no trace of the pride of the conqueror, which still colors much that is written by Germans about France. He is not uncritical, but he refrains from censure. A journey to Greece makes very fascinating reading. The voyage around the world is rather briefly disposed of. Not the least interesting features of the work are the references to his contemporaries, native and foreign; his impressions of Richard Dehmel, Frank Wedekind, Stanislaus Przybyszewski, Ola Hansson, Laura Marholm, Ellen Key, Obstfelder, Strindberg, Munch, and others. He draws their portraits in few words, yet succeeds in making them live. Although he dwells in the earlier part of the work upon the systematic manner in which he tried to school himself in the æsthetic principle of his generation, to see things as they are and record them as he had seen them, the two volumes are singularly free from the objectionable features one meets in the writings of other adepts of the naturalistic creed.

The theological and clerical controversies associated with the name of Jatho are revived by the publication of a book, entitled "Zur Freiheit seid ihr berufen" (Jena: Eugen Diederichs), with a preface by his son, Carl Oskar

Jatho, beginning with this significant quotation: "Er suchte eine heilige Welt, nicht eine heilige Kirche." The book contains sixteen sermons, the first being the one delivered by the famous pastor in Trinitatis Church in Cologne, five days before he was removed from the pulpit by the judgment of the Evangelical Synod of Prussia. The others were given in various meeting-halls in Barmen, Elberfeld, and Cologne in the two years before death claimed him. The publisher deserves credit for having undertaken the reproduction of the sermons from the shorthand notes of a student, which the deceased had pronounced absolutely trustworthy.

A book of unique interest, not only for the general reader but also for the student of the Reformation, is entitled "Aus Luther's Heimat" (Eugen Diederichs), and has for its author Georg Putzke, a native of Eisleben, who has illustrated the book with most attractive pen-and-ink sketches of his own. He treats Eisleben as a city of monuments, devotes a chapter to the Luther landmarks of the town, to the castle of Mansfeld, which suggests comparisons with Heidelberg, to the tombstones of the Mansfeld country, to the "Hausmarken" which, with the family arms and the signatures of the artists and artisans, are found on many tombs and houses, especially in Eisleben. There is also a chapter on the "Eisleber Steinbibel," which deals with the twenty-nine sandstone tablets in the Annenkirche, the work of a sculptor of the sixteenth century, representing scenes from the Scriptures. Other chapters recount tales of provincial folklore. The book is a mine of suggestion for the historian and archæologist and of information for the mere tourist. One closes the book with the impression that, quite regardless of its close association with Luther and the Reformation, Eisleben is worthy for picturesqueness and unadulterated mediævalism to be ranked next to the popular Rothenburg ob der Tauber.

Another volume which must have been a welcome publication of the holiday season is the "Bayernbuch" (Albert Langen), a book of five hundred pages, with a nosegay of old-fashioned garden-flowers as a cover design. It is an anthology of Bavarian authors covering ten centuries and presenting one hundred names. The editors, Ludwig Thoma and Georg Querl, do not attempt to classify the authors according to any literary standard or any label whatsoever, and have arranged them alphabetically. It is a rather appropriate coincidence, however, that the first author, Engelhart von Adelnburg, is also one of the oldest, and that the second to last selection is by "Meister Kuonrat von Würzburg." The student of German literature will be surprised to find in the book a number of names not especially associated with

Bavaria, among the older writers Wolfram von Eschenbach, Nithart, Tannhäuser, and Rosenplüt.

A most extraordinary work is a small, illustrated volume, "Im Palast des Minos," by "Sir Galahad" (Albert Langen). The author's familiarity with the work of British and American archæologists and his admiration for Arthur Evans make it a unique tribute to Anglo-Saxon research. But apart from that it stands in a place by itself in the literature of archæology. For scientists delving through the dust of ages are rarely able to shake off a certain traditional dryas dust manner. This is the special merit of "Sir Galahad"; he has produced as readable and attractive a book on the subject as if he had indulged in a brilliant *causerie* on some vital problem. For he reconstructs before the reader's eyes the world of those Greeks that lived long before Hellas and Mycenæ, three thousand years before Christ, a dark-skinned, long-headed, beautiful race which inhabited the Mediterranean basin since the stone age and whose palaces and homes, tools and games we have known only for a few years. The initial sentence gives a fair idea of the original point of view and of the style:

Das Märchenbuch ist der Baedeker des Archäologen. Wo Töchter aus dem Blut der Sonne im Haupt der Kröte den Smaragd erlösen—wo Holde mit Unholden ringen—Taten tosen um Blut und Gold—harrt immer ein Wirkliches der Entdeckung.

"Sir Galahad" points to Schliemann, who, intoxicated with the reading of Homer, set out to discover the Homeric world, and remarks that Arthur Evans, too, read Kingsley's tale of the birth of Zeus in the Dictæan cave before he set out for Knossos and began to unearth the palace of Minos. "In der Geographie ist jedes Märchen verlässlich wie eine Generalsstabskarte" and others are apparently clever paradoxes, but contain great truths.

One could go on quoting indefinitely from this book, rich in information and in suggestion. That the author who hides his identity under the pseudonym "Sir Galahad" completed it at Pebble Beach Lodge, California, is likely to whet curiosity. A. VON ENDE.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

Every scrap or detail bearing remotely or nearly on Charles Lamb's life or writings is of interest to his admirers, of whom there are doubtless as many in America as in the land of his "kindly engendure." In this belief, I offer the following report of a law-suit in connection with the "Tales from Shakespeare"—the first fruits of the joint literary labors of Charles Lamb and his sister. It is copied from a manuscript in my possession, which, I should judge, was meant for publication; but whether it was printed is unknown to me. There is no

indication as to the name of the reporter.

Before transcribing the account, it may be well to preface it with some remarks on the "Tales" while they were still in the making. The first reference to them is in a letter written by Charles Lamb to Manning shortly after the latter's departure for the East, "to plant the cross of Christ among barbarous Pagan anthropophagi," as Lamb, with characteristic inexactness, puts it. The date of the letter is May 10, 1806. Lamb writes: "She [Mary] says you saw her writings about the other day, and she wishes you should know what they are. She is doing for Godwin's bookseller twenty of Shakspear's plays, to be made into Children's Tales. Six are already done by her, to wit, 'The Tempest,' 'Winter's Tale,' 'Midsummer Night,' 'Much Ado,' 'Two Gentlemen of Verona,' and 'Cymbeline.' The 'Merchant of Venice' is in forwardness. I have done 'Othello' and 'Macbeth,' and mean to do all the Tragedies. I think it will be popular among the little people. Besides money. It is to bring in 60 guineas. Mary has done them capitally I think you'd think. These are humble amusements we propose."

Later, on June 2, Mary tells her friend, Sarah Stoddart, afterwards the wife of William Hazlitt, that her Tales "are to be published in separate story books, I mean in single stories, like the children's little shilling books. . . . Charles has written Macbeth, Othello, King Lear, and has begun Hamlet; you would like to see us, as we often sit, writing on one table (but not on one cushion sitting) like Hermia and Helena in the Midsummer's Night's Dream; or rather like an old literary Darby and Joan: I taking snuff, and he groaning all the while, and saying he can make nothing of it, which he always says till he has finished, and then he finds that he has made something of it."

Early in July they have only six to do to complete their task, and the writing of these is to occupy Charles's "holidays"—"all to be spent at home."

On December 5 Lamb informs Manning that the Tales "are near coming out, and Mary has begun a new work," and on January 29, 1807, the work in two volumes is sent off to the Wordsworths at Grasmere. Lamb's comment is as follows: "I am answerable for Lear, Macbeth, Timon, Romeo, Hamlet, Othello, for occasionally a tail piece or correction of Grammar, for none of the cuts and all of the spelling. The rest is my sister's: We think Pericles of hers the best and Othello of mine—but I hope all have some good. 'As You Like It' we like least." Then, in a postscript: "I had almost forgot. My part of the preface begins in the middle of a sentence, in last but one page after a colon, thus:—*which if they be happily so done &c.* The former part hath a more feminine turn and does hold me up something as an instructor to young Ladies: but upon my modesty's honour I wrote it not."

Several of the Tales were printed separately—how many, and when first published, cannot be stated positively. Four were offered for sale in London last April by Messrs. Maggs

Brothers. These were "Timon of Athens," 1808; "King Lear," 1808; "Romeo and Juliet," 1808, and "The Merchant of Venice," 1809, and they were priced at £125, £105, £52.10, and £105, respectively. Some ten years or so previously, four others were noted in a catalogue of another London dealer, viz.: "The Winter's Tale," 1809; "Othello," year not stated; "A Midsummer Night's Dream," 1811; and "Cymbeline," 1811. These four Tales had been bound in one volume. Each one in both of the foregoing series contained three plates, whereas when the "Tales" were issued in 1807 in two volumes, only one appeared with each tale. In addition to the above-mentioned copies, seven others are in the possession of Mr. T. J. Wise, a well-known English collector. It would be interesting to know if others are in the collections of American bibliophiles.

The first publisher of the "Tales," both separately and in the collected edition, was William Godwin, who also produced all the other juvenile books written by Charles and Mary Lamb. Some years following the first publication, the unsold copies of the two-volume edition were handed over, along with the copyright, to Baldwin & Craddock, who were the plaintiffs in the law-suit, the account of which is now given. It is not mentioned by Talfourd or Procter and does not appear to have been known to Lamb's recent biographers or editors. The legal proceedings are not, so far as I have been able to discover, referred to in the Law Reports of the day, and only the barest notice of the trial was made in the *London Times*.

The MS., which fills four small quarto pages, is headed:

JOINT AUTHORSHIP. LAMB'S TALES FROM SHAKESPEAR.
BALDWIN & CRADDOCK AGAINST TILT.

A case of considerable interest as regards the rights of joint authors came on before the Vice-Chancellor on Thursday [August 11, 1836]. The facts, so far as we could catch them, were these: In the year 1806-7 the late William Godwin, who then carried on business as a Bookseller in Skinner Street, published a work bearing the title of "Tales from Shakspear, designed for the use of young persons, by Charles Lamb." In the preface to the work, the Author states that in the tales taken from the Tragedies, Shakspear's own words have been used with very little alteration, but that in those from the Comedies "I found myself scarcely ever able to turn his words into the narrative form &c." When Godwin's stock was disposed of, Messrs. Baldwin & Craddock became the purchasers of the copies on hand and copyright of these Tales, though it does not appear that Godwin held any legal assignment of the latter from the Author. Charles Lamb died in December, 1834. In the early part of the present year Mr. Tilt determined on adding the "Tales from Shakspear" to an elegant series of the English Classics which he is now publishing at a low price. When the work was in course of printing, Mr. Moxon, the Bookseller who acts as trustee under the will of Charles Lamb, heard of it, and called at Mr. Tilt's shop, but not finding him at home, left a message with his shopman that the copyright of the work had not expired inasmuch as the whole of the tales from the Comedies were written by Miss Lamb, and that therefore by publishing the work he would render himself liable to an injunction. The work was notwithstanding published in the month of June last at one-third of the

price of the edition published by Messrs. Baldwin & Co.

Mr. Knight, who appeared for the plaintiffs, moved the Court to grant injunction to restrain the defendant from proceeding with the sale of the said work. The case was indeed so very clear that he did not see upon what ground the application could be opposed. In support of the application two affidavits were put in, one by Messrs. Baldwin & Co., proving that they had purchased the copyright of the work from Godwin and the other by Mr. Moxon that the exceedingly delicate state of Miss Lamb rendered it impossible to procure any affidavit from her without the greatest risk, but that he had been assured by the late Charles Lamb that his sister was the Author of the Comedies and that he—Mr. M.—had given notice as above stated to Mr. Tilt "several months ago." Messrs. Baldwin & Co., who held no legal assignment of the Copyright of the work from Charles Lamb, have since the publication of the edition which formed the subject of the present motion, obtained for the sum of fifteen pounds a conveyance of the same from Miss Lamb.

Mr. Turner, who appeared for the defendant, contended that the work having been published for thirty years as Charles Lamb's, and that Miss Lamb having, it might fairly be presumed, parted with her interest in the work to her brother, so as to vest the copyright in him, that in the absence of all notice to the contrary it was not competent for her to now come forward and seek *brevi manu* to restrain his client from its publication. He referred to the decision of the Court in the cases *Platt v Butten*, and *Rundle v Murray*, in both of which the works which formed the ground of these actions having been permitted by the authors to be published as the property of others for years, the Court refused to interfere. He questioned indeed if the facts above stated did not amount to an abandonment of Miss Lamb's copyright at any rate they formed sufficient ground for the court to refuse the present application.

Mr. Knight replied.

His Honour in giving judgment said that the work having been published for so long a period as the unquestioned production of Charles Lamb, the defendant had a perfect right to avail himself of the work on the expiration of his—Charles Lamb's—copyright. Now as it did not appear that notice of Miss Lamb's claim had been given till the defendant had gone to the expense of purchasing types and paper for printing this edition—for he could not allow of such looseness of expression as the "several months ago" used in the affidavit—he could not interfere in the matter. Injunction Refused.

S. BUTTERWORTH.

Correspondence

A REINCARNATION OF TOUCHSTONE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is a remark of an excellent critic (Prof. C. T. Winchester, in "A Group of English Essayists") that a good deal of Touchstone lives again in Charles Lamb. The remark is arresting and, upon second thought, convincing. For Touchstone was no mere clown. He was philosopher as well as jester. Whimsical, sympathetic, eccentric in phrase, he captured even the melancholy Jaques—who says, if the text be correct at this point, "Good my lord, like this fellow." And the Duke replies, "I like him very well." Truly, Touchstone and Lamb were both preëminently likable men. The acid of their wit never curdled the milk of human kindness in them.

Lamb would not have been offended by the comparisons. Indeed, on many an occasion he deliberately set out to play the clown. He never made any effort to please strangers whom he disliked, and was consequently often taken for a mere buffoon. Carlyle's cruelly inaccurate verdict upon him, especially the phrase "ghastly make-believe of wit," is notorious. There was little in common between Carlyle and Lamb. Elia would probably have admitted that this Caledonian was one of his "imperfect sympathies." Consider, too, Lamb's treatment of the unfortunate controller of stamps who persisted in asking Wordsworth foolish questions. It would have seemed to a stranger both presumptuous and irresponsible. As the controller gravely inquired whether Milton was not "a great genius," Lamb, snatching a candle, cried with mock politeness: "Sir, will you allow me to examine your phrenological development?" Wordsworth's "my dear Charles!" failed to subdue his risibility, and he had finally to be conducted from the room, still murmuring his longing to examine the gentleman's bumps.

This is the true Touchstone vein. For the moment the clown seems to have extinguished the philosopher; but turn to the "Essays of Elia," and the latter reappears. The essay in which Lamb most resembles Touchstone the present writer believes to be "The Two Races of Men," in which the author discusses in his happiest vein the borrowers and the lenders, designating the former as "the great race." Such a passage as the following is decidedly reminiscent of Touchstone:

He applieth the *lene tormentum* of a pleasant look to your purse, which to that gentle warmth expands her silken leaves, as naturally as the cloak of the traveller, for which sun and wind contended! He is the true Propontic which never ebbs! The sea which taketh handsomely at each man's hand. In vain the victim whom he delighteth to honor struggles with destiny; he is in the net. Lend, therefore, cheerfully, O man ordained to lend—that thou lose not in the end, with thy worldly penny, the reversion promised.

The love of whimsical phrase exhibited in this and in most of Lamb's essays is, though individual, not dissimilar to Touchstone. And Lamb was inordinately fond of seventeenth-century English. Although he writes intentionally a mixed style, for humorous purposes, there is a strong flavor of the antique.

There was nothing ancient about Lamb's humor, however, except his diction and style. No man's humor is more thoroughly individual, more thoroughly an effluence of his own personality. And so with Touchstone. Nevertheless, in his courtship of Audrey, "a poor virgin, sir, an ill-favored thing, sir, but mine own," he might be replaced by Lamb with scarcely a jar, so similar are their quizzical natures. Lamb's humorous remarks on "The Behaviour of Married People" are well known, as should be also his amusement upon watching his friend Hazlitt's wedding, when he was so overcome with mirth as to incur danger of being removed from the church.

Touchstone, not being a principal character in "As You Like It," is not drawn

at sufficient length to enable one to compare him with Lamb fully; but the likeness is in several respects surprising. The affection in which the clown is held shows that he possesses an unusually sympathetic nature; and this, of course, is a famous trait of Lamb's. In other circumstances it might have been more fully depicted in Touchstone, but in "As You Like It" there is no occasion for this. He is a faithful companion to Rosalind, and especially to Celia, but no sentiment is developed on the subject, despite their dependence on his protection in their flight from the court. Touchstone's chivalry is, like Lamb's, unassuming.

There is one interesting contrast: Touchstone seems quite in harmony with the forest of Arden; but Lamb, a Londoner born and bred, cared little for the country. His comments on such a place as Arden would have been distinctly worth while. Touchstone's remark upon arriving at the forest is about what we might imagine Lamb as uttering in a similar situation: "Now am I in Arden, the more fool I. When I was at home, I was in a better place, but travellers must be content."

In his letters he perhaps comes even closer to Touchstone than in his writings for the public eye. They exhibit much of the clown, thus proving that this was always a central element in Lamb. Life was a precious serious business to him, with a mad sister on his hands; but he contrived to regard it usually as a jester's court. And if any one objects to considering Lamb as a clown or jester, objects to comparing him to Touchstone, let that person read some comments on Touchstone towards the close of "As You Like It," after he has been analyzing the "lie seven times removed"—a bit of philosophizing quite in Elia's vein. Jacques, the Hazlitt of the play, says: "Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? He's as good at anything, and yet a fool." And the Duke replies: "He uses his folly like a stalking-horse and under presentation of that he shoots his wit."

When we think of Lamb's mournful jest, "The wind is tempered to the shorn lambs," written to a friend after one of Mary's homecomings from her periodical visits to an insane asylum, how vividly does the Touchstone element appear in him! To these two indomitable optimists, the one fictitious, the other real, everything was opportunity for mirth.

HARRY T. BAKER.

New York, December 5.

CONSISTENCY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of February 26, under the caption "Bristow vs. Common-Sense," you join Senator Owen in pointing out "what everybody in his senses knows to be true, that there are a great many things in the promiscuous and hastily concocted deliverances of platforms which cannot be thought of as binding the party to a given course of action in the future, no matter what may happen."

This, to my mind, is contrary to all your previous conclusions on the subject

When William Howard Taft was President your attacks for his failure to reduce the tariff, as he had promised in his platform, were continuous. You were quite right in doing this if you really believed it, but the situation was decidedly harder for President Taft, with a Congress frankly hostile to him, than it is for President Wilson to-day, with a Congress generously favorable towards him. Then, too, you have forgotten your repeated attacks on former President Roosevelt. You have always insisted that he should have uncompromisingly supported any issue advocated in his pre-election campaigns. Even when he is on his vacation in South America you are eager to reveal some discrepancy in two consecutive words he may breathe. Imagine the language of protest in your esteemed columns had Theodore Roosevelt dared to repudiate any minor statement put forth in his platform! And yet you coincide with the words that "the idea of fettering a party for all time [by promises embodied in its platform] is the height of absurdity."

I quite agree with you in your judgment that a party must not be held too closely to the words issued in its political planks, but I find it amusing to note the bold inconsistency in your vacillating demands on Woodrow Wilson and your iron-bound demands on Theodore Roosevelt. I am not criticising your views on this subject, but I do believe that consistency should not be sacrificed on the altar of partisan enthusiasm.

CURT H. REISINGER.

New York, March 3.

WESLEY'S WORDS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am sure that not all readers of the *Nation* will accept as satisfactory the explanation made in your last week's issue by Mr. Sherman of his attribution to Wesley of the sentiment, "Better to rule in hell than serve in heaven," nor aside from this quotation will all accept his comparison of Wesley with Cobbett as happy. Doubtless, all strenuous lives have something in common, but it seems to me unfair to refer to Wesley the well-known quotation from Milton's Satan and place him in comparison with such a man as Cobbett, even if it can be proved that in a single instance he applied these words to himself. The two men may have been equally *masterful*, but the keynote of Wesley's life was *service*, while that of Cobbett was *selfishness*, and I am sure that whatever Wesley's faults or however absolute his rule, his disposition to *serve* was supreme. All historians, including Professor Winchester, quoted by Mr. Sherman, bear out this contention. But the only authority we have for supposing that Wesley ever applied the words of Satan to himself is an obsolete pamphlet of 1792, by the Rev. Alexander Gordon, quoted in the Dictionary of National Biography.

I am quite certain that several millions of Wesley's followers, comprising the largest body of Protestants in America, would count it more appropriate that, if the words of Satan were to be used to characterize Cobbett, they should be

quoted from their usual source, rather than referred to Wesley on so slender authority, and that candid and intelligent men of other affiliations, including Mr. Sherman, will accept this as a not unreasonable attitude of mind.

EVERETT O. FISK.

Boston, March 2.

UNWELCOME EVIDENCE FOR IMMORTALITY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the minds of most people the belief in personal immortality rests chiefly upon two foundations: the teachings of Jesus and His own resurrection; and a more or less positive conviction that the conservation of moral and spiritual energy demands an opportunity for activity beyond this present life. To believers in immortality it might seem that any kind of proof would be welcome. It possibly, therefore, sounds a little ungracious to speak of unwelcome arguments for a proposition which is by no means universally accepted.

The recent utterances of Sir Oliver Lodge and the more recent death of Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace have brought to the front a so-called scientific argument for immortality which bids us accept the revelations of the mediums as evidence that personality is continued after death. We are told that if these leaders of physical and biological science are convinced of the truth of these revelations, the rest of us ought, joyfully and unquestioningly, to fall in line. Much is made of the splendid scientific skill of Sir Oliver Lodge which has been brought to bear upon these problems, and it is pointed out that men of this class are unusually well fitted to pass judgment upon their claims to consideration. To me the point does not seem to be well taken. The training of a great physicist is not the best preparation for undertaking investigations of this character. Let us consider, for example, one of the best-known investigations of Sir Oliver Lodge. It is a disputed question in physics whether the earth drags the ether with it in its motion through space, or whether the ether remains at rest relatively to the earth's motion. Professor Michelson's celebrated experiment tended to show that there was no relative motion. Sir Oliver Lodge, by rotating two metal disks in opposite directions, reached a different conclusion, because he found no shifting of the interference fringes. It is unnecessary to set down the technical details of these experiments, but attention is called to the fact that the experimenters placed absolute confidence in the conditions under which they were working. They may have neglected certain factors in the experiments, or they may have reached conclusions based upon insufficient data, but when they asked Nature a straightforward question they got a perfectly straightforward answer. It never entered their minds to question this. If scientists were obliged to add to the difficulties of their investigations, the task of detecting whether or not Mother Nature might be playing tricks upon them, their labors would at once cease.

Granted that spiritualistic phenomena

are proved facts, no one would be better able than Sir Oliver Lodge to express the spirit forces in dynes, or to measure their rate of transmission in centimetres per second. But nothing in his training as a man of science would entitle him to be compared with a man like W. J. Burns in the matter of detecting possible fraud.

An immortality of dignity and service has a well-nigh universal appeal. An immortality of table-tipping and joint-cracking and banjo-playing; an immortality of concern for the trifling and the frivolous, has, most fortunately, a limited appeal. We are justified, then, in referring to such purported evidence for human immortality as unwelcome. For the dignified veiled picture of a future life which Jesus gave us, we should find little to substitute which would add to human knowledge or human happiness.

JAMES S. STEVENS.

University of Maine, Orono, Me., January 30.

BILLBOARDS AND ATTRACTIVE-NESS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your recent editorial on "Village Improvement" certifies, quite correctly, to the "dreariness of most Western, Atlantic, and Southern villages." The methods you suggest as likely to better this condition do not, however, include that most practicable means of village beautification—the extension of the signboard system.

Who that has witnessed the civic transformation that has been wrought in recent years through the multiplied use of billboards for advertising purposes has failed to note the increasing attractiveness of the average American city? Wherever the eye rests is the imposing, compelling, gratifying work of the sign painter or billposter. Vacant lots or naked brick walls are rarely visible. Facts, and illustrations of soaps, cigars, subdivisions, soubrettes, circuses, and what not, greet one everywhere. The weary commuter, homeward bound from his daily toil, sees from the car window not the scenery but the signs. He is delighted and refreshed, and feels that urban existence is not without its æsthetic charms.

But in the village, be it Skykomish or Baraboo, Palatka or Monrovia, the signboard has not to a like extent contributed to the gratification of eye and mind. True the great tobacco companies have not failed to provide the smaller centres with their ten-by-twenty-foot patronage (generally facing the right-of-way for the benefit of railway passengers, however), and every passing circus agent's car has fired a broadside of posters against defenceless barns (the idea must have originated with old P. T. Barnum—he of the "right idea"), but generally the billboards in small towns are not many in number or varied in interest. This deficiency must be remedied. The city should not monopolize the advantages of open-air advertising.

Perhaps it is too much to request that the advertising agencies extend their lumber and paint propaganda into the smaller villages. And the country merchant can do little. Obviously, assistance

must be provided. It is respectfully suggested that upon an appointed day—to be known perhaps as Village Beautification Day—each student of the public schools be requested to bring a board or nail or material suitable for the application of paint; that on such day a citizens' committee provide for the erection and maintenance of as many signboards as may be required to make the town truly attractive. With this aid it would no doubt be possible to secure the further coöperation of certain of the national advertisers who profess to favor the outdoor advertising methods.

HARRY W. FRANTZ.

Stanford University, March 9.

Literature

COMMERCIALIZED LEXICOGRAPHY.

New Standard Dictionary. One volume; nearly 3,000 pages; over 7,000 illustrations. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co. \$30.

Whether well done or ill, this imposing volume must be conceded to mark an instructive stage in English lexicography. It shows wrought out to the very limits that conception of a dictionary which sets store by the treating of a maximum of verbal items. With a thesaurus of the English language—construing "English" liberally to take in the various Latinate nomenclatures of science—it incorporates many thousand entries of the sort offered by various hand-books, viz., abbreviations, foreign proverbs and phrases, mythological names, a gazetteer of place-names, and a biographical dictionary which, listing many names of living men, now pushes into the field of a "Who's Who."

No sharp line, of course, can be drawn about the field of a dictionary. Its definitions must, in the case of words meaning things or processes (*e. g.*, *dynamo*, *lithography*) overlap the field of the encyclopædia; in the case of other words (*e. g.*, names of knots) definitions must give way to pictures if any precise meaning is to be conveyed. Within this legitimate borderland the *New Standard Dictionary* has large assortments of information effectively presented. Condensed essays, such as appear at *croquet*, *cross*; tabulated classifications, such as enlarge upon *dye*, *language*; diagrams, such as that showing the moves of chess-men; and excellent illustrations, some in colors, as at *spectrum*, all clarify terms that would get little from a bare lexical statement. So much of true dictionary work can be done by pictures and diagrams that it is regrettable to find many pages of valuable space given up to pictures merely catchy to the uncritical eye. Thus, while the interesting terms *plain hunt*, *bob*, *grandsire*, *dodge* are left unintelligible for lack of a small chart of *change-ringing*, the quite self-defining term, *steel construction*, is

made a pretext for picturing the Woolworth building, and full-page plates devoted to *safety devices, fire department, police and postal services, railroad and telegraph equipment* seem to have strayed into the dictionary from the Sunday supplement.

Such frankly popular features, of course, affect the plan of the book in no such radical way as does its claim to treat 450,000 terms. When in 1909 Webster's New International raised its total to 400,000, even the uncritical must have surmised that these mounting additions to the vocabulary represented not actual growth in the language, but mere inclusions from an indefinitely available fund—inclusions that will afford rivalry between dictionaries so long as their publishers can count on numerical totals to make a commercial appeal. This appeal, it is to be hoped, will get its *reductio ad absurdum* in the New Standard. One need examine but three classes of terms to see that they can swell the book's bulk without adding appreciably to its value. First, the Latin names of plant and animal species represent at most but a selection from the lexicons of science; of *orchidaceæ* alone nearly 5,000 species can be listed whenever a bigger showing is sought. Next, the free formatives *anti-, contra-, pro-, pre-, re-, un-, -able, -less, -ize, etc.*, supply "perpetual nonce-words" at will. The New Standard gives thirty-six columns of such words under *un-*, and the list might be doubled, if the mere fact of occurrence is to warrant their inclusion. And, third, the entering of phrases can go on so long as the verbal kaleidoscope holds out to turn! Many phrases, of course, are real sense-units, calling for definition. Thus, *semicircular canal* (overlooked by the Standard editors) has a specialized application in the anatomy of the ear. But no such warrant can be shown for *Japanese art, Italian opera*; and one fails to see why, having accorded dictionary treatment to *moderately heavy wood, education for efficiency*, our editors stopped short of *moderate variable winds and votes for women*. This indiscriminate glutting of the vocabulary may even conceal a failure to note useful additions to the language. Thus, while the Standard now incorporates the native Philippine words (*anabo*, a grass; *anac*, a son; *anay*, white ant; *aral*, to teach, etc.), which its supplement of 1903 listed in shoals, it has missed such genuine new words as *cacogenics* (answering to *eugenics*), *cafeteria*.

It will, of course, be pleaded that such accretions, after all, do not impair the book's serviceableness to those whose concern is with literary English. The standard words of the language are all there in their places, and the other matter one is free to skip. One must, indeed, grant that if words are to be sought in it but once or twice a fort-

night on the chance needs of a miscellaneous reader, it matters less what their neighbors are on the dictionary page. Chaucer's *athre*, "in three directions," though incongruously crowded among *Athole*, a district in Perthshire, *Athor*, the Egyptian goddess, *Athos*, Dumas's hero, and *athrepsia*, the disease, is nevertheless accessible to a random and vagrant curiosity. But if the dictionary is to serve the language student and the writer, it cannot simply open up a heterogeneous welter amidst which the standard words *apparent rari nantes*. Students of a literary text can get no cumulative mastery of its diction, unless each turn to the dictionary brings up not only the one word sought, but a fringe of reinforcing impressions as to other words in the same field. The writer wants his word displayed with its cognates and derivatives, for these suggest by-senses and possibilities of phrasing. From such workers, a short experience of searching out their staples of mental exchange among gastropods, towns in Ohio, Biblical worthies, and zymotic diseases will draw the protest that the English language has here got lost in the ruck.

The sheer numbers of items defined, moreover, leave little space for that kind of information which a dictionary should offer in untrammelled completeness. A treatise on words that is expected to serve schools and colleges in the study of English must do for the lexical features of the language what an advanced grammar does for its syntax. It should aim, of course, to give a biography of each word. This, to be sure, is often something of a problem, since important words like *cast, head, power*, develop their meanings in no such chronological single file as appears in a column of definitions. But the misleading serial treatment imposed by exigencies of printing can be offset by little prefatory analyses, as in the Oxford Dictionary, or by small diagrams such as Greenough and Kittredge's "Words and their Ways" suggests for *power, treacle*, showing where meanings have branched off simultaneously from a common point, or where they have alternated generalizing and specializing forces. Furthermore, it should give an abundance of illustrative quotations. A word does not get all its expressive value or its limitation conveyed by bare lexical statements; it must be seen in action. The dictionary, again, should apply to synonyms, perhaps also to philosophical words involving questions as to the *nature* of meaning, the results of such semantic work as that of K. O. Erdmann's "Bedeutung des Wortes." Finally, it should afford a view of the word's affinities and special bearings: etymologies should note its doublets (*cross, crucial, crucifix, crusade, cruise, crux*); definitions should take at least passing note of *loci classici* (as the Oxford Dic-

tionary does under *tell*, for "Every shepherd *tells his tale*"), and of important translation-meanings, especially in the English Bible, as for *sin, spirit, redeemer*, in Jonathan's "sin" (2 Sam. xiv, 38), "The *Spirit* of the Lord" that came upon Samson, and "I know that my *redeemer* liveth."

With these considerations in mind one can quickly gauge the serviceableness of the New Standard in the field of word-study. Biographical treatment of the word it deliberately sacrifices for the sake of putting the chief current meanings first. Thus *bedlam*, for which the sense-development was (1) the London hospice of St. Mary of Bethlehem; (2) this hospice as an asylum for the insane; (3) any mad-house; (4) a tumult, the Standard treats in the sense-order (4), (3), (1 and 2). The end of setting the more important meanings in relief could surely be served better by the use of large and small type. Quotations, again, are sparse. Indeed, one can hardly proceed with this inquiry without noting the conception of lexicography betrayed by the managing editor in his account of the treatment of quotations in the Standard. In the *Journal of the Royal Society of Arts* for October 24, 1913, he says:

With dictionaries immediately before him, usually seven in number, and other reference books available, he [the definer] created a definition that did not infringe the rights of any one of the books. . . . Next, quotations were selected to illustrate the various meanings of words. These quotations were verified and edited, then attached to the work of the definer.

This procedure would actually invert the order of treatment by which sound definitions are made. Quotations are the fountain-source of all definitions. If the English lexicographer of to-day must work with the Oxford Dictionary before him, it is because that work supplies an unsurpassed fund of accurate evidence in its quotations. Its definitions, and the definitions of all other dictionaries, are simply interpretations of the evidence, and can be made the basis of further defining only with the risks that attend working at second hand. The New Standard shows repeatedly what these risks are. Thus, *acremen*, for which Webster's New International has: "O. Eng. Hist. The man whose duty it was to lead and manage the common plow team," the Standard renders: "The man who led and managed the ordinary plow-team." But quotations show that "common" here means not "ordinary" but "held in common" (by the folk of the manor or village). Of the stock words of the language which are the unique field of the dictionary it must be said that in general the Standard's treatment is bald and superficial. Thus *sicker*, to which the Oxford Dictionary accords two interesting columns, it disposes of

in the line: "sicker, a. [O. Eng. & Prov. Scot.] Safe; sure." *Tear* (the verb) gets no notice in its quaint sense of "blaspheme," although under the separate rubrics *tearer*, *tearing*, the editor would have found "these God tearers," "the tearynge of Goddis name." *Take*, on which the Oxford Dictionary (issue of April, 1912) bestows six pages—not counting those devoted to its phrases—affords a test of the Standard editors' work where they could not profit by the careful digesting given by Webster's New International to the Oxford material published prior to 1909. After its first three definitions, which are fairly elaborated, it gets a treatment scant, vague, and devoid of any real analysis. Thirty-four transitive and fourteen intransitive senses file down the column in almost random order, and with phrasing so loose as at once to overlap one another and to miss the point of—

No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm.

So far, it might be pleaded that these strictures assume a more literary purpose than the New Standard professes, that it is to be fairly judged only as an example of its type: the omnium gatherum designed not for word-study but for occasional reference, and claiming as such no other merits than workableness and accuracy. Now, workableness in a dictionary is a matter of vocabulary order and cross-referencing. If, turning from an old text to look up *arede*, *arreed*, *corte*, or *curt*, you fail to meet the form in its vocabulary place, you are balked in your quest as effectually as if the form were omitted. That it occurs run on as a variant after *aread* or *court* will not help, since the identification is precisely what you were seeking a clue to. A count of such instances (variants run on without cross-reference) on eighteen pages, taken at random about 150 pages apart, if a fair sampling for the whole book, gives it above 37,000 word-forms thus inaccessible. Phrases, again, are entered now under the first word, now under the second: thus, *open fire*, *secondary clay*, *volcanic mud* under the adjectives; *open wood*, *secondary wood*, *volcanic sand* under the nouns. The eighteen-page count indicates that above 85,000 phrases have their location thus in doubt. Many, indeed, as *green monkey*, *orange fly*, *obscure rays*, *line of level*, are entered and defined at both places—an accident not only prodigal of space, but disconcerting when the definitions disagree.

Accuracy, however, must be the criterion uppermost in judging a book that details many thousand statements of fact. By the test of accuracy the New Standard comes off fairly in its contributed matter, especially in its tables and short treatises, but decidedly ill in the work of its office staff. A rapid com-

parison of its Gazetteer entries with the latest official sources shows many errors (e. g., at *Broach*, *Bruxton*, *British Honduras*) both in descriptions and statistical figures. Its etymologies—too meagre, in any case, to have scientific value—show no advance upon those of the prior edition. It is hard to believe that a professional philologist would have disregarded Skeat's revised verdicts on *dismal*, *havoc*, *parricide*, or Wiener's evidence on *avoirdupois*, *grocer*, *tartan*, or would still derive *pontifex* from *pons*, and *sepal* from *separ*. Its definitions fail repeatedly in two requirements of accuracy: sharp differentiation, and the remarking of status. Thus *factitious*, as used of the "factitious loyalty" imposed at college by fraternities and organized athletics, is not simply "proceeding from or created by art as opposed to nature"; it is "artificial" in the sense of unspontaneous, wrought up by conscious effort. *Quite* as "considerably" should be stigmatized as slack; *so-long* (good-bye) and *enthuse* are not simply "colloquial"; they consort with chewing-gum; and *dump* (verb, sense 3) is low. In short, the errors of all kinds occurring within the compass of single pages (there are at least twenty-two on page 771) suggest that the editorial work has been scamped.

Both in conception and execution, then, the New Standard Dictionary is not a textbook for literary study. Its choice of vocabulary does, indeed, disclose an aim to serve school use. The entries *aretted*, *assoil*, *chivachye*, *fetisly*, *pricasour*, *tretys*, *wanhope*, show that, while professing to debar obsolete words, its publishers claim to cover the literary vocabulary as far back as Chaucer. But this aim is not carried out. Not only are Chaucerian forms of modern words omitted (e. g., *bigonne*, *aryve*, *asseged*, *ayeins*, *bismotered*, *reule*), but their Chaucerian senses under the modern forms (e. g., under *begin*, *arrive*, the senses in, "he hadde the bord *bigonne*"; "at many a noble *aryve* hadde he be"). The book will sell by its appeal to the semi-educated, to a public interested not in ideas but in things, and disposed (as its editors suggest) to view any lingering over a word's history or expressive value much as trolley-men view stopping for passengers—as irritating delays in an otherwise quick trip.

CURRENT FICTION.

The White Gate. By Warwick Deeping. New York: McBride, Nast & Co.

Mr. Deeping has scored a good many successes as a writer of more or less historical romance. He has shown a profitable fondness for swashbuckling heroes, maidens in towers, excursions, alarms, and hairbreadth 'scapes. To abandon

the properties and perquisites of this order of romance, and come down to the dull realities of modern life, calls for a good deal of courage. Mr. Deeping has shown the courage, but not quite the ability, for this feat.

Though modern dress is specified, the story has many of the qualities of the costume novel. Roymmer, the English village in which the scene opens, might seem to some people, the author confesses, "in sympathy with that school of fiction that scorns anything dramatic and prefers to regard life as one long flux of dreary detail." He himself is evidently unable to regard life in any such way. In fact, we must confess that his Roymmer heroine is only the maiden of the tower, and his Roymmer hero the chivalrous knight born to rescue her. Of course, her bonds are not physical; and her isolation is due to her possession of and by that popular figure in current novels, a shameless and frivolous mother. Our Constance's paternity is less doubtful than disgraceful; she herself has the dovelike innocence now known as mid-Victorian. Skelton, the knight, is ingeniously if not successfully disguised as an engineer and inventor. He loves his Constance at first sight, and when she will have none of him, carries her off under the married-in-name-only agreement, which appears to be a perennial spring of opportunity for our novelists. The nominal honeymoon in Italy, which ends as a true one, is not made as interesting as it might have been. We would suggest that Mr. Deeping made a mistake in leaving out that necessary complement to the hero of chivalrous romance—the villain, his rival.

The Best Man. By Grace L. H. Lutz. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

Most of us would refuse to espouse an unknown person merely as a part of professional duty. Only Cyril Gordon had a different conception of loyalty. When the chief of his Detective Bureau entrusted him with the recovery of an important document from a band of criminals, he went forth ready to lay down his life, not to mention his happiness. Accordingly, when he had procured the paper and, to elude the pursuing crooks, had to take refuge in a church during a wedding ceremony, and found himself escorted to the altar, and there presented with a blushing bride, he thought he was merely adding the *métier* of best man to his other accomplishments. However, when he discovered that he had been mistaken for an imported bridegroom who had obtained the bride through blackmail, and that the bride was his "until death do them part," he perceived that his profession had thrown him into the meshes of life. And he had yet the paper to deliver to his chief!

The honeymoon adventures of the

duty-groom and his bride, their attempts at mutual explanation and extrication from their matrimonial entanglement, and their decision to remain enmeshed, form a most cheerful little tale. One fantastic bit of description occurs at sunrise when "the sun shot up between the bars of crimson like a topaz on a lady's gown that crowns the whole beautiful costume."

✓
Our Mr. Wrenn. By Sinclair Lewis.
New York: Harper & Bros.

One puts down the book in a pleasant frame of mind, with the feeling of having wandered awhile in an odd and delightful world of make-believe. Mr. Lewis's is better than the average first book, and best of all, holds promise of more telling work in the future. There is simplicity, a grateful lack of straining for effect, in this story of a little New York clerk's seeking for the world of adventure and romance conjured up in his fancy by the Fourteenth Street moving-picture palaces, and nurtured on the gaudy circulars of steamship companies and tourist agencies. The girl, Istra Nash, is a very real figure. Mr. Wrenn met her in a Kensington boarding-house, and she led his wistful middle-class soul for a brief space into the world of Futurist art and letters. She is a stock character of modern fiction, of course, the unconventional, cigarette-smoking girl artist, but she is flesh and blood as Mr. Wrenn sees her. The narrative of Mr. Wrenn's voyage to England on a cattle-steamer and the scenes of boarding-house life in New York are well done. It is a story out of the ordinary, with an individuality that atones for a certain slowness in pace.

The Goddess of the Dawn. By Margaret Davies Sullivan. New York: G. W. Dillingham & Co.

The intention is praiseworthy. The author has set out to show that life is really full of illusions which are solid and dreams which come true. She has fittingly chosen a wealthy, beautiful Southern girl as her heroine. Of her narrative she devotes a considerable part to ten years in her heroine's life beginning with her ante-college days. Miss Sullivan, in order to prove that the good and virtuous triumph finally in this world, introduces a young sculptor, who is striving to pay off his father's debts and who loves the heroine, but does not confess his love because of his poverty. The girl inspires him with his two best works, *The Goddess of the Garden* and *The Goddess of the Dawn*.

The heroine, for her part, heads straight for matrimony. She escapes marrying one suitor, marries another, and at the death of the latter seeks her true love, the sculptor. The kaleidoscopic succession of betrothals and marriages makes the reader rather welcome

the end of the book as a guarantee against other matrimonial ventures on the part of the heroine.

A LOVER OF MILTON.

Studies in Milton and an Essay on Poetry. By Alden Sampson. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co. \$2 net.

The appearance of this book seems to us of happy augury. Too much of our serious writing about great books and authors comes from the men who teach them professionally, and too little from men who may be styled, in the best sense of the term, cultivated amateurs, life-long students, and lovers of the best literature, qualified through their love and study to write about it worthily. As a result, the pedant and the dry-as-dust often elbow the critic out of the very heart of his kingdom, which we take to be the lives and works of the supreme masters. In further consequence, the public reads too many books and essays about second-rate men and works furnished by critics unwilling or unable to master the erudition held to be requisite to any creditable treatment of the great classics; or else, worse fate, the public too often reads books and essays about the masterpieces of literature written by men who are neither true scholars nor well-qualified critics.

Mr. Sampson, in our judgment, has safely made his way between the sand hills of aridity and the bogs of fatuity. He knows his Milton thoroughly, but he loves him even more thoroughly. He writes with the public in view, yet he never descends, either in style or in substance, to a presentation of his great theme that suggests thinness or smartness. On the contrary, fulness of reading and depth of loving meditation are evident on almost every page. The book is divided into three sections. The first—almost a monograph—entitled "From Lycidas to Paradise Lost," is devoted to a study of the sonnets, but it is so discursive and inclusive in its methods of treatment that it brings out much of the charm of the youthful poet of "Comus," much of the grandeur of the blind epic "bard," and not a little of the strenuous nobility of the Milton of the prose period, the assessor of liberty, who lost his sight in his defence of his country and his ideals. This discursiveness and inclusiveness enable Mr. Sampson to give his readers copious quotations from Milton and apt citations from other writers, as well as good comments of his own; but it must be confessed that they serve also to impart to his essay too much of the appearance of a *tour de force*. This does not greatly matter, however, since others have given us an abundance of straightforward criticism of Milton, and since the wealth of apposite quotations would of itself suffice to make the essay both readable and valuable.

The second essay, "Milton's Confession of Faith," is also something of a *tour de force* through a protracted parallel drawn between Milton and George Fox; but again Mr. Sampson's ingenuity produces results that are happy as well as useful. In the concluding essay, "Certain Aspects of the Poetic Genius," Plato shares with Milton our author's allegiance, with Wordsworth and Emerson almost admitted to the inner circle. The mere naming of these four writers shows that the "aspects" of the divine art that occupy Mr. Sampson's attention are those that may be described as high rather than broad; but this means only that his essay, though scarcely catholic or meant to be such, is permeated by a fine idealism. In reading it we were reminded of the well-known story—we may twist it a bit—of Wordsworth walking ahead with Hogg, Lamb and some one else bringing up the rear. Lamb said to his companion, "There go the poets." Wordsworth—ever singular—turned round with, "Poets, poets, where are the poets?" Would Wordsworth walking with Emerson in heaven just in the wake of Milton and Plato make to his companion Lamb's remark, and would Milton imitate the terrestrial Wordsworth? Mr. Sampson does not help us to an answer that is conclusive, nor does he enable us to judge how Byron would report the incident, granting—and we do not know that Mr. Sampson would grant it—that that poetic peer is in heaven and anywhere near Wordsworth.

It seems ungracious, in conclusion, to point out that a book which we have read with much interest and profit contains some lapses from accuracy that might easily have been avoided. But it may go to a second edition, and in that case perhaps its author will change a few loose statements. For example, it seems incorrect to write, as on p. 16, that in 1640 Milton recorded the hope that he "might leave something so written to after-times, as they should not willingly let it die." These famous words occur in "The Reason of Church Government Urged Against Prelaty," which is generally assigned to the early months of 1642. Again, on p. 118 Mr. Sampson's language would hardly imply what seems to be the fact, that before the reply to Salmasius was finished, Milton's physicians had warned him of a probable loss of sight. We admit that Leslie Stephen's awkward insertion of a supporting reference to the "Second Defence" in his article on Milton in the Dictionary of National Biography seems to countenance Mr. Sampson's language, but the latter's way of writing is none the less misleading, as one may see by comparing Garnett's "Milton," p. 111. Furthermore, it is surely hazardous for Mr. Sampson to charge Landor with forgetting that "pe-

cularities of spelling and punctuation" of the first edition of "Paradise Lost" lay "beyond the scope of the author's revision" (p. 205). Compare this with Masson's remark, "It seems likely that Milton himself caused page after page to be read over slowly to him, and occasionally even the words to be spelt out." There are other statements of Mr. Sampson to which, it seems to us, exception may be fairly taken, but they are comparatively unimportant, and they do not at all diminish our gratitude for such a passage as the following: "When we say that 'Paradise Lost' possesses the quality of decorum, 'which is the grand masterpiece to observe,' we mean that it is nobly decorated with everything which learning, scholarship, poetic power, and sensibility could bring. It is the record of an eye and ear ever alert and eager to seize the myriad forms of beauty which others behold and do not apprehend, and it has all those traits of excellence which a deep-brained intellect and sound character could contribute under the majestic rule of law."

Boycotts and the Labor Struggle. Economic and Legal Aspects. By Harry W. Laidler. With an Introduction by Henry R. Seager, Ph.D. New York: John Lane Co. \$2 net.

Doubtless Mr. Laidler did, as Professor Seager in the Introduction says he did, "approach the problem [of boycotts] without prejudice or preconception," but had the Professor not said so it would have been impossible for the reviewer to guess it. For excellent as is Mr. Laidler's collection of facts bearing upon the legality of boycotts in labor warfare, making of his work, as his introducer says, a very good "case-book," it is certainly not unfair to say of it that it reads much more like an argument by an advocate than a scientific inquiry by a dispassionate observer. This is not to say that his argument is not a strong one, but that the judicial attitude is not discernible at any stage of his progress through the subject. It is not perhaps necessary to labor this point, as the reader will hardly fail to note it for himself before he gets very far into the volume.

Broadly speaking, Mr. Laidler's argument is that as labor has finally made good its right to strike, it should be allowed to "organize its purchasing power," i. e., its ability to boycott as a further means of accomplishing betterment of its economic position, for this latter right is equally fundamental and inherent.

A boycott in labor disputes may be defined [says Mr. Laidler] as a combination of workmen to cease all dealings with another, an employer, or, at times, a fellow worker, and, usually, also to induce or coerce third parties to cease such deal-

ings, the purpose being to persuade or force such others to comply with some demand or to punish him for non-compliance in the past. (p. 60.)

Boycotts may be negative, i. e., by means of the "union label," or positive, i. e., of the "We don't patronize" kind. They are further distinguished as primary, secondary, and compound, and of the compound variety there are two kinds. A primary boycott "may be defined as a simple combination of persons to suspend dealings with a party obnoxious to them. . . . This form, however, is rarely used in labor disputes, as it is comparatively ineffective" (p. 64). A secondary boycott "may be defined as a combination of workmen to induce or persuade third parties to cease business relations with those against whom there is a grievance." The compound boycott "appears when the workmen use coercive and intimidating measures, as distinguished from mere persuasive measures, in preventing third parties from dealing with the boycotted firms"; and of these compound boycotts there is the kind where "threats of pecuniary injury" are used and the kind where "threats of actual physical force and violence" (p. 65) are made.

Mr. Laidler points out that "negative" boycotts and "positive primary" boycotts are generally admitted by our courts. Secondary and compound boycotts have been generally condemned as illegal in this country, both by statute law and judicial decision; but in some foreign countries, notably England, have been virtually legalized. It is the secondary and the first variety of compound boycott that Mr. Laidler desires to see completely legalized in this country. It is only proper to say that the "physical violence" variety of compound boycott is not defended by him. Chapter xvii, seven pages in length, contains a statement of the case *against* the boycott. In chapter xviii, fifty-four pages in length, is the case *for* the boycott, and the arguments are summarized by Mr. Laidler at the outset of this chapter as follows:

The argument for the legalization of the boycott from a social and economic standpoint is based primarily upon the hypotheses that the well-being of society is intimately connected with the condition of the working class; that that condition at the present time is greatly in need of improvement; that such improvement depends to a very large extent upon the strength of labor's organizations; that that strength is contingent upon the weapons of defence and offence permitted to it; that the employing class is now in possession of certain powerful weapons denied to the laborer, and that justice demands that organized labor be placed in possession of such weapons as tend to place it on a more equal footing with the employing class in its struggles for a larger part of the social product. While acknowledging the possibilities of occasional

abuse, the advocate of the boycott believes that the tendency to abuse it becomes less marked, and that the good accomplished far outweighs the evil. He also points to the danger of the secret use of the boycott, and to the injurious results which follow when a group in society continues a practice in defiance of law. He declares that there is also the possibility that the worker will use more iniquitous weapons should he be totally deprived of the use of the boycott. Finally, he argues for the legalization of the boycott on the ground that its prohibition would deprive the workers of a fundamental human right. (Pp. 274-5.)

What Mr. Laidler desires to see written out of the law in order to legalize boycotts of the "secondary" and "compound" variety is, in the main, the doctrine of "conspiracy" and the doctrine of "malice"; he desires the law to recognize—at least so far as labor is concerned—that what may be legally done by one person may with equal legality be done by two or more persons in combination, as is provided in the English Trades Disputes Act of 1906. In other words, labor unions or workmen should be as free to conduct boycotts of all kinds—short of the point of violence—as they are to conduct strikes. Mr. Laidler sees no distinction of kind between the right to strike (and induce by all legal means others to strike) and the right to boycott and induce by all means short of physical violence others to do the same thing.

Rights involve responsibilities, and it seems to the reviewer that in demanding that unlimited use of a weapon so powerful as the boycott be permitted to labor unions, Mr. Laidler might very properly have considered the general question of responsibility of labor organizations for their acts arising from the use of the weapon. It may be hoped that if another edition of his work is required, he will devote a chapter to this matter.

Japan As I Saw It. By A. H. Exner. With Special Illustrations in Collotype, Engravings, and Pictures drawn by Various Special Artists. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. \$2.50 net.

This is an attractive volume, with its carefully finished collotype plates, its clever engravings, its soft and pleasing duo-tone illustrations. Yet on closer inspection it is found to lack a primary quality that we demand in a really artistic volume, that the reading matter shall interpret the pictures and be illumined by them. For instance, over against the page that describes the "artistic embroidery" and "magnificent coloring" of a Kyoto temple, where "a sacred stillness reigns at twilight," appear a pair of hideous itinerant medicine-sellers, with cheap modern umbrellas and straw hats. And opposite page 176, where the "Matchless Fuji-no-yama"

is the topic, we have a long procession of these same "advertising Johnnies." Indeed, to justify the nature of the illustrations, the chapters of the book ought to be a bright series of character sketches—which they are not.

Japanese art is not to be approached with profit from the side of the human figure, but rather from the side of outward nature, viewed symbolically. How little the author is in sympathy with the quaint symbolism of the Japanese garden, which materializes for daily contemplation some vision of beauty that has been registered among the eternal hills, may be gathered from his remarks at page 188: "Where there is a little house garden, which is often only the size of a few mats, it has no flower beds at all, but merely consists of a cartload of rocks, a shovelful of pebbles, a pail of water, an artificial little lantern, and one or two dwarf pine trees." Earlier in the book, at page 116, he treats the native type of garden less superciliously; but there he asserts that "to enjoy the charms of these miniature gardens, one must be a native Japanese." A fatal concession, if a writer would aspire to be a real interpreter of Japanese art.

The author seems merely to have seen the Japan of transition, from the ports of Nagasaki, Kobe, and Yokohama, all of them hybrid settlements, which do little more than suggest the real Japan. His sketch of Japanese history, to which he devotes almost a third of the whole book, is blundering and defective. At page 23 we are told that "on the foundation of the dynasty the government of Japan was a feudal one, and the sundry princes in the various parts of the country lived in utter dependency on the Mikado. Gradually this position changed," and feudalism declined. The very reverse is the case. It is true that W. G. Aston, our best authority on the subject, finds even in the earlier days of paternal rule at Nara and Kyoto some traces of feudal tenure. But, later on, the stronger elements in the nation broke away from the ineptitude of an officialdom modelled on the Chinese pattern, which was dominant for so many centuries, and feudalism asserted itself. With feudalism, however, began that duality of government, with Shoguns ruling at Kamakura and Yedo, and Mikados reigning at Kyoto, which lasted to our days and forms a unique feature in the national history.

The author makes an awkward mistake at page 27, when dealing with the Hojo regents, who for nearly a century and a half held the reins of power, while the Shoguns were puppets in their lands. He calls them *Shukke*, or priests, in place of *Shikken*, or regents; and fails to give them their due as rulers. Our latest authority on the subject, Mr. James Murdoch, in his "History of Ja-

pan," Vol. I, chapter xv, declares that, during the greater portion of the 140 years of the Hojo regency, the Shogunal administration was at once strong, efficient, and on the whole highly beneficial; indeed, that Japan was better ruled during the last three-quarters of the thirteenth century than France under Louis IX, or Scotland under its Alexanders—excellent rulers as they were; that it "enjoyed the benefit of an administration more economical, more honest, and more efficient than was known anywhere in contemporary Europe." Words of praise, truly, and helpful in explaining the overshadowing influence wielded by the Shogunate for 700 years. The author hardly seems to comprehend the nature of the Shogunate, for he calls Yoritomo, who founded the institution, "ancestor of the Shoguns." But Yoritomo left no descendant worthy to carry on his work or his name; and early in the thirteenth century the line became extinct.

The author's summing up at page 74 is unfortunate, both in regard to the facts and the form:

It is a widespread mistake to believe that Japan has ever been a monarchy or even a despotism, from a regular point of view. . . . A monarchical idea has only been represented sporadically and for short intervals by single prominent characters. As for the rest, the country wasted away under the continual fights between smaller and bigger lords. It is true, upon the whole, there was always floating the Imperial idea, but it was more a mere idea than a real sovereignty. The dynasty, said to descend from heaven, and being the representative of deity, feels proud of being the oldest dynasty in the world, and of its looking back upon a reign of 2,500 years. But, if we investigate its history more closely, it soon comes to light that it was exactly the succession to the throne which almost regularly has caused quarrel and conflict, and that there is very little of divine spirit to be discovered in it.

The author has, no doubt, been reading recent criticism, which argues that the singular devotion of the Japanese people to their sovereign, as the fountain of honor and of all state "virtue," is of recent growth and bears with it elements borrowed from the devotion of the retainer to his feudal lord. But this plea, even if allowed, does not justify the statement that the monarchical idea has not held sway in Japan from time immemorial, or that the Emperor ever ceased to be the true centre of the body politic, whose endorsement or seal was in the final issue an imperative necessity to give an act of government validity.

"Japan As I Saw It"—an indexless book, by the way—is, in truth, a summary of Japanese history and civilization that has been undertaken without adequate knowledge or preparation. The author fails to understand the whole

drift and meaning of the national evolution, or to grasp the religious symbolism and ideals that lie at the root of the best in Japanese art.

Philosophy of the Practical: Economic and Ethic. Translated from the Italian of Benedetto Croce by Douglas Ainslie. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$3.25.

The present is the third and concluding volume of Croce's "Philosophy of the Spirit," of which the previous volumes are the "Æsthetic," translated by Mr. Ainslie, and the "Logic," which he promises to translate. Seldom have author, translator, and printer conspired so successfully to present a system of philosophy attractively. The reader who masters the first three or four chapters of the "Philosophy of the Practical" will find Croce always stimulating, if not always satisfying, refreshingly direct, if somewhat dogmatic, graceful and informal amidst a wealth of learning. The architecture of the system is impressively simple. The philosophy of the spirit recognizes four "forms," or categories, for the treatment of life, or reality: two theoretical forms, or forms of knowing, and two practical forms, or forms of doing. There is no third kind of form; feeling, for example, resolves itself into a matter of knowing and doing. The two theoretical forms are the æsthetic and the logical. They constitute the subject-matter, respectively, of the first two volumes of the philosophy of the spirit. The two practical forms are the economic and the moral, and both are covered by the present volume. The relation of the æsthetic to the logical is parallel to that of the economic to the moral. Logical thought presupposes æsthetic intuition, and is at the same time æsthetic intuition become reflective and discursive. Similarly, morality is utility become self-conscious and deliberate; utility seeking the perfection of its own meaning. In the end, however, the theoretical and practical forms are nothing more than distinguishable aspects of the one Life, Spirit, or Activity. "Motionless beings" and "unconscious beings" are meaningless phrases.

Significant as a contribution to thought are Croce's inclusion of the economic among his fundamental "forms," and his method of defining moral values always by the contrast with economic values. Economists and moralists are both accustomed to speak as if the values studied by the sister science lay in another world. And yet the most definite ethical theory of modern times, English utilitarianism, was clearly an economic theory of ethics; virtually all of the utilitarians were both economists and moralists; and utilitarianism has its representatives in the ethical discussion of all times. Croce makes it

clear that, whatever change in meaning is brought about in passing from one category to the other, the basis of value is the same in ethics as in economics, and therefore that the two fields must be regarded as always contiguous and as determining one another. In a striking chapter on The Philosophy of Economy and the So-called Science of Economics he defines economics as a kind of social mathematics. The economic man, whose one aim in life is to buy cheap and sell dear, bears the same relation to any real man as a right-angled triangle bears to the objects found in nature. There are no economic men in the world, neither are there right-angled triangles; yet each conception helps us to describe its object.

Apparently, neither Croce nor his translator is fully conscious of the affinity of Croceanism with present tendencies of philosophy in other countries. Croce balks at the term "pragmatism"; yet in standing for a reform of the intellect, for a refusal to limit the spiritual to the intellectual, or to admit that there can be a process of knowing which is not at the same time a process of living—indeed, a bodily activity—the "philosophy of the spirit" simply reinforces the teaching of Eucken in Germany, of Bergson in France, and of the pragmatists of England and America. Most striking, however, is the close and detailed parallelism, amounting almost to a photographic reproduction, between Croce's philosophy and the pragmatism of Professor Dewey. Each might be called a pragmatic Hegelian. For both the world is an "activity," which is at once and indistinguishably a practical and utilitarian process and a dialectical process. In psychology they refuse to separate the conscious from the physical act; in ethics the will, or motive, from the overt act. In the matter of an ethical criterion neither will be satisfied with anything narrower or more definite than the demands of "life"; since the present is always a unique crisis in the cosmic activity. Both alike hold that the historic systems of philosophy are but so many expressions of special and passing problems; and in both philosophies it seems that, while individuality is the essence of life, the individual life is but a passing vortex in an oceanic stream of "activity." The main difference is a difference of emphasis. Where Dewey emphasizes the doing, Croce fixes his attention upon the knowing; so strongly, indeed, that at times he might be mistaken for an "intellectualist." At any rate, no one in recent times has stood so firmly as this Italian pragmatist for the Socratic doctrine that virtue is knowledge.

Knowledge and freedom—this is the sum-total of Croce's ethical teaching. To act morally is to act freely, and to act

freely is to act with a clear self-consciousness with regard to your ends—to choose your act rather than simply to be carried along on the stream of habit or instinct. Every moral situation presupposes a certain organization of life, *i. e.*, a certain economic situation, which has developed internal difficulties. For example, it is neither moral nor immoral to earn your living in some accepted line of business. The moral question arises when the claims of the business have to be measured against other claims. Moral conduct then consists in a readjustment of the competing claims in the direction of an enhancement of life. But what marks this direction? Croce dismisses the question with the statement that every moral situation is unique. Life creates the moral problem and life alone can furnish the solution. Every attempt to state the problem abstractly, to devise a plan or system of life, is simple casuistry.

The effect of this statement is with one stroke to sweep aside most of the questions that have occupied our moral philosophy. And here again Croce's method reminds us of the American pragmatist. Both have a way of discovering that most of the questions raised in ethical literature are simply foolish. In the traditional formulation the fundamental question is whether the good of life consists in the enjoyment of what we have or in the realization of some more comprehensive purpose or ideal. Roughly speaking, the issue seems to lie between economic contentment and spiritual advancement. Croce definitively rejects the first alternative. "Man," he says, "is not a consumer of pleasures, but a creator of life." Yet the substance of life is to be found always in the demands of the present situation. What he means is that for an enlightened self-consciousness the demands of present enjoyment and the demands of a larger life could not possibly differ; and here, doubtless, he is right. Meanwhile, one would like to know just how the "economic" desires are transformed by the ethical self-consciousness. Is there any relation that can be stated between a given economic conflict and its ethical resolution?

Croce's answer consists only in affirming that the ethical resolution is always something original and new. Possibly no other answer could be given. But the point is instructive in showing the essential similarity of Croceanism with other forms of pragmatism, and at the same time in revealing the essence of pragmatism. The philosophies of Bergson, of Eucken, of the English and American pragmatists, and of Croce all rest alike upon the proposition that reality is life, and life is ever creative and new. "In every new situation," says Croce, "the individual begins his life all over again." In this proposition they

mark their dissent from the rationalists and idealists, who hold that life is a dialectical process in which the conclusions are rigorously implied in the premises. This, indeed, is just the point at which Croce parts company with Hegel. But would Croce admit that it is "life" to act in the present without reference to what you have done, or promised to do, in the past? May "life" be as incoherent as you please, provided it is always "new"? Long ago Aristotle set the problem of life by showing that life aims to be ever creative and original, yet ever continuous, orderly, and reposeful. And when Kant resolves all morality into consistency he merely reminds us that a rational and responsible being is one who acts at each moment in the light of a clear self-consciousness with regard to the present *and the past*. The pragmatists object that the Kantian rational being is as lifeless as a machine. The question is whether they, in their exclusive emphasis upon the originality of the present, are not proposing to make human life as irresponsible as the winds. The natural and demoralizing outcome of such preaching is the romantic love-philosophy of Ellen Key, in which the new love is always authoritative over the old and the "true self" of the present always free to repudiate the self of the past, however sincere the past may have been. Thus the Crocean ethics, like the ethics of pragmatism generally, is an irresponsible emphasis upon one of the demands of life which fails to touch the real problem either of life or of moral responsibility.

Notes

Houghton Mifflin Company announces the forthcoming publication of "Memoirs of Youth," by Giovanni Visconti Venosta, and "They Who Knock at Our Gates," by Mary Antin.

The Century Company announces for publication, on March 20, "Dodo's Daughter," by E. C. Benson; "Barnabette," by Helen R. Martin, and "Little Essays in Literature and Life," by Richard Burton.

The Oxford University Press announced the publication last week of "Nazareth and the Beginnings of Christianity," by Champlin Burrage, and "A Concise Dante Dictionary," revised from the "Dante Dictionary," by Dr. Paget-Toynbee.

Moffat, Yard & Company announce the forthcoming publication of "The Autobiography of a Happy Woman," Anonymous, and "The Desert and Mrs. Ajax," by E. S. Moffat.

Putnam's announce the publication next Saturday of "The Shadow of Aetna," by Louis V. Ledoux; "Initiation into Philosophy," translated from the French by Sir Home Gordon; "The True

Ophelia and Other Studies of Shakespeare's Women," by An Actress.

John Lane Company will publish "With the Russians in Mongolia," by H. G. C. Perry-Ayscough and Capt. Otter-Barry, and "Victory Law," by Anne Warwick.

Putnam's publications last week included: "Java and Her Neighbors," by Arthur S. Walcott; "One Year of Pierrot," by The Mother of Pierrot, and "The Marriage of Cecilia," by Maude Leeson.

Longmans, Green & Co. announce the forthcoming publication of "Essays on Faith and Immortality," by the late Father Tyrrell, edited by Maude Petre, and "Flying: Some Practical Experiences," by Gustav Hamel and Charles C. Turner.

McClurg announces the following books for publication this month: "Shea, of the Irish Brigade," by Randall Parrish; "The Coming Hawaii," by Joseph King Goodrich; "Cubists and Post-Impressionism," by Arthur Jerome Eddy, and "The Green Seal," by C. E. Walk. "Taxation," by C. B. Fillebrown, and a volume on "Banking," by Prof. W. A. Scott, have been added to the National Social Science Series.

Frederick A. Stokes Company announces for publication in April: "My Autobiography," by S. S. McClure; "World's End," by Amelie Rives; "The Cost of Wings," by Richard Dehan.

Frederick A. Stokes's spring list of announcements includes: "The Two Americas," by Gen. Rafael Reyes; "America Through the Spectacles of an Oriental Diplomat," by Dr. Wu Ting-fang; "The Dance, Its Place in Art and Life," by Troy and Margaret Kinney; "Other People's Money and How the Bankers Use It," by Louis D. Brandeis. In fiction the same company announces "The Woman's Law," by Maravene Thompson, and "Bat Wing Bowles," by Dane Coolidge.

From London comes the announcement of the appearance, at the end of the month, of *The New Weekly*, edited by R. A. Scott-James. The price of the new publication will be four cents; and its aim will be to bring the large public, which does not habitually read the six-penny weeklies, into closer touch with the literature, art, music, and drama of the day.

"Robespierre and the Women He Loved" (Appleton) is a translation from the French of Hector Fleischmann. The translator, Dr. A. S. Rappoport, has omitted, however, all the footnotes of the original, and English literature would not have seriously suffered if he had omitted the rest of his translation. Robespierre's sister, Charlotte, once declared that, "My brother's amiability with women captivated their affection; several, I believe, felt more than ordinary friendship for him." But the author undertakes to show that the stories of the Incorruptible's liaisons, repeated by Thiers and others, are all malicious lies. With more poetic imagination than historical investigation he avers that Robespierre did not love any women, so that his volume is like the famous chapter on the snakes in Iceland. The book raises a good many questions which it does not attempt to answer, and is furnished up

with portraits of a gallery of Revolutionary leaders who have no particular connection with the author's subject.

In 1905 the Clarendon Press issued in elaborate and handsome form "The Poetical Works of William Blake," for which Mr. John Sampson, librarian in the University of Liverpool, had prepared a text from the manuscripts and original editions, and had written full bibliographical notes. His work in that most difficult field showed a masterly precision, and the ever-growing army of Blakists will be glad to know that "The Poetical Works" have now been brought out in the cheap yet very attractive "Oxford Edition." For the most part the text of the earlier volume has been taken over unchanged, only a few slight errors being corrected and some shifts made in arrangement. The footnotes in the present edition are confined to Blake's own variant and cancelled readings, and to occasional explanations of a necessary sort, and for the ordinary reader the absence of the bulkier commentary and prefaces will make this cheaper edition really the more serviceable. The earlier volume contained only the poems of strictly lyrical and metrical form, but the present edition includes also the Minor Prophetic Books, besides selections from "The Four Zoas," "Milton," and "Jerusalem." When it is considered that among the Minor Prophetic Books is "The Marriage of Heaven and Hell," which lets one so deeply into Blake's philosophy, the importance of the inclusion will be recognized. The most notable feature, however, of this new edition is the reprinting for the first time of "The French Revolution." In 1791 the first book of this rhythmical piece was set up in type by the bookseller, Johnson; the proofsheets were kept by Blake, and bound into a little volume, but apparently nothing further was done towards publishing. It was seen by Gilchrist, Swinburne, and the Rossettis, who quote the title page, and a transcript, partial or complete, was made by Palmer; but the book itself, which turns out to have been all the while in the possession of Mr. John Linnell, and forgotten by him, has just been rediscovered after a disappearance of half a century. It is a demy quarto of 18 pages, 11¼x8¾ inches. The title page runs: "THE/FRENCH REVOLUTION. / A Poem, / in Seven Books. / Book the First. / London: / Printed for J. Johnson, No. 72, St. Pauls Church-yard. / MDCCXCI. / (Price One Shilling.)"

Of the absolute value of the more recondite of Blake's Prophetic and Minor Prophetic writings there are decidedly two opinions. To the present reviewer the symbolism and mythology of the poet's later years seem largely the product of a mind diseased, and he can see small profit or pleasure in attempting to unravel their meaning. "The French Revolution," however, though bordering on the ecstasy of madness, has comparatively little of its incoherence, and is in places richly eloquent. It begins with a royal council:

Troubled, leaning on Necker, descends the King to his chamber of council; shady mountains

In fear utter voices of thunder; the woods of France embosom the sound; Clouds of wisdom prophetic reply, and roll over the palace roof heavy. Forty men, each conversing with woes in the infinite shadows of his soul, Like our ancient fathers in regions of twilight, walk, gathering round the King: Again the loud voice of France cries to the morning; the morning prophecies to its clouds.

Perhaps as striking a passage as any in the poem is the symbolic description of the Bastille, conceived in all the horrors lent to it by the popular imagination. The picture is too long to quote, but there is something of the same Ossianic grandioseness in the brief speech of the Duke of Burgundy, who delivers the King's command to the envoy of the people:

"Seest thou yonder dark castle, that moated around, keeps this city of Paris in awe? Go, command yonder tower, saying: 'Bastille, depart! and take thy shadowy course; Overstep the dark river, thou terrible tower, and get thee up into the country ten miles. And thou black southern prison, move along the dusky road to Versailles; there Frown on the gardens—and, if it obey and depart, then the King will disband This war-breathing army; but, if it refuse, let the Nation's Assembly thence learn That this army of terrors, that prison of horrors, are the bands of the murmuring kingdom.'"

Like the morning star arising above the black waves, when a shipwrecked soul sighs for morning, Thro' the ranks, silent, walk'd the Ambassador back to the Nation's Assembly, and told The unwelcome message. Silent they heard; then a thunder roll'd round loud and louder; Like pillars of ancient halls and ruins of times remote, they sat. Like a voice from the dim pillars Mirabeau rose; the thunders subsided away; A rushing of wings around him was heard as he brighten'd, and cried out aloud: "Where is the General of the Nation?" The walls re-echo'd: "Where is the General of the Nation?"

It is not easy to gainsay Glenn D. Bradley's statement on the title-page of "The Story of the Pony Express" (McClurg) that it is "an account of the most remarkable mail service ever in existence"; and in the arrangement of his material he properly emphasizes its appealing human interest, above and apart from bare historical values. The Pony Express was operated, as readers of "Roughing It" may remember, in 1860-61. To carry letters and Government dispatches from St. Joseph, Mo., to San Francisco, 2,000 hazardous miles, during the sixteen months previous to the opening of the first transcontinental telegraph, its managers built up a system round which cluster some of the most stirring incidents in the development of the West. The book is outlined in a fashion that promises a popular and sparkling narrative, with chapters on the organization and first trips of the Express, followed by two on Riders and Famous Rides and Anecdotes of the Trail. The style, however, is somewhat colorless, and the proportion far from

good. The historical value is impaired by an attempt to exaggerate the secession crisis in California, and *par suite* the value of the Pony Express in maintaining communication with Washington. The chapter on The Secession Menace abounds in such evasions as "the exact details of this [rebel] plot are hard to secure," and such indirections as "that the conspiracy existed has never been disproved." There are few references to authority or critical notes.

We have received the statement for 1912-13 of the Rhodes Scholarships Trust. The statistics given indicate that the scholars more than hold their own with the average of intellectual achievement at Oxford. Their attainments, however, are still below the level of those of the native scholars from the public schools or grammar schools of Britain. Among the most interesting features of the report is the list indicating the lines of work taken up by Rhodes scholars who have completed their course. Of the 431 who have left Oxford, 144 have devoted themselves to educational work and 113 to the law. The School of Jurisprudence, indeed, appears to exercise an altogether disproportionate attraction for the scholars, both from this country and from the British colonies. Out of the 167 scholars distributed among the different courses of study in the last academic year, thirty-eight were reading jurisprudence, and nine were studying for the B.C.L. degree. Thirty-one were reading for the various departments of the Natural Science School, nineteen for modern history, and fourteen for *literæ humaniores*. In the last-named school only one scholar was placed in the first class last year, a disappointing result, when one remembers that the traditions of Oxford are preëminently classical and philosophical. Six University prizes were gained by Rhodes men in the course of the year, five of them by Americans, and another American was elected to the presidency of the Union Society, a distinction which many undergraduates would prefer to a "first" in one of the schools. The emphasis which Rhodes placed upon athletic distinction in the election of the scholars is evidently observed, for their record in this field last year is a remarkable one, twenty-four of the scholars having represented their University against Cambridge in various events.

The fascination of the details of the crimes perpetrated in the name of liberty and justice in 1793-4 has led Alphonse Dunoyer to examine anew the extent of the responsibility of Fouquier-Tinville, "The Public Prosecutor of the Terror" (Putnam). The volume is well translated from the French by A. W. Evans, and is attractively provided with a number of appropriate illustrations. In the first half of his volume, M. Dunoyer gives a very readable but brief account of the extraordinary rapidity with which the Revolutionary Tribunal dispatched to the guillotine "batches" of forty to fifty persons a day. It acted with such criminal haste that sons were executed in mistake for their fathers, and *vice versa*. Persons whose names were on the long lists hand-

ed in by the Prosecutor for condemnation were not even properly identified before being sent to the tumbrils. If the accused asked for papers which would establish their innocence, the Prosecutor replied, "Give them nothing." If the judges or jurors delayed or gave acquittals, the Prosecutor would storm and threaten because "the business was not moving quickly enough." After his own arrest a great many witnesses appeared to testify that they had often heard Fouquier-Tinville make such remarks as, "Come, fellows, things must move. There must be 400 or 450 this *décade*"; or, rubbing his hands, in a gay tone, "We shall unbreech [*déculotterons*] a good quantity of them this *décade*." This first part of the volume, though well written and aimed to show Fouquier-Tinville's part in the bad business, adds little, however, to the fuller accounts already published in the authoritative works of Campardon (1866), Wallon (1881), and Lenôtre (1909), the last of which has also been translated into English.

In the second part of his volume, M. Dunoyer makes a real contribution to our knowledge of Fouquier and the Tribunal. Instead of relying mainly on Fouquier's own published memoir and on the documentary material in Buchez et Roux, he has analyzed and printed the substance of the depositions preserved in the Archives Nationales, which were made by 400 witnesses, who came to testify against Fouquier-Tinville after the fall of Robespierre, when the Public Prosecutor in turn came to be arrested and prosecuted. Fouquier defended himself cleverly and audaciously, maintaining that he had done nothing except perform his duties diligently; he had been only carrying out the orders of the Government, he said, which had formulated the procedure to be followed by the Revolutionary Tribunal. He sincerely believed in his own innocence. To his wife and his seven children, whom he tenderly loved, and who were totally dependent on him, he wrote: "I have nothing to reproach myself with; I have always conformed to the laws: I am satisfied; my innocence will be recognized later." A long trial was given him, and full opportunity to defend himself. But the cloud of witnesses who rose up against him when he himself sat in the seat of the accused leaves no doubt that he had been arbitrary, violent, and indecently hasty in his zeal to get large numbers condemned.

Now that the smoke of battle has cleared away (some time ago, in fact), the time seems to have arrived for a calm estimate of what pragmatism has contributed to philosophical thought. Prof. William Caldwell writes his "Pragmatism and Idealism" (Macmillan) from the standpoint of a Scotchman, brought up in the traditions of the neo-Hegelian school of absolute idealists, who spent several years at universities in the United States before going to McGill University in Montreal (he has a chapter on Pragmatism and Americanism), and his attitude towards pragmatism is distinctly conciliatory and appreciative. Briefly, he is an idealist who would be a pragmatist if only pragmatism would cease to

dwell so exclusively upon the more vulgar practicalities. According to Professor Caldwell's idealistic interpretation, pragmatism stands for a "rediscovery by our age of the doctrine of man"; for the doctrine, in other words, that human needs and aspirations are implied in any statement of truth. By "rediscovery" he means that pragmatism is, after all, a continuation of the critical and humanistic movement begun by Kant, on the basis, however, of a wider range, Darwinian rather than Newtonian, of scientific conceptions. Strangely, yet not quite falsely, he takes Bergson to be the ideal successor to Kant. On the other hand, in an instructive chapter on Pragmatism and Humanism, he undertakes to show that human desires and ideals are indeed pathways to objective realities—that, for example, the Hebrew spirit reached a conception of the divine nature which was inaccessible to Greek culture just because the Hebrews were different. Here he takes issue—cautiously and reverently—with the leading "Greek" of his school, Dr. Bosanquet, going so far as to suggest that the inhumanity of Bosanquet's absolute marks a reversion of thought from genuine idealism towards materialism. As against Mr. Bosanquet, it is the humanistic pragmatist who really stands for "the sovereignty of the spirit." Just how the logic of pragmatism is to be reconciled with the metaphysics of absolute idealism, Professor Caldwell does not say. His book is a reflection and an appreciation, a contribution to current discussion, rather than a systematic and well-digested statement of the problem. As such, however, it is timely and suggestive.

Of the antiquity of fools we have the word of Sir Amorous La-Foole in Jonson's "Epicene": "We are as ancient a family as any is in Europe." Kinsfolk of that house, not to mention readers of the *Boston Transcript*, will be interested in the genealogical notes on one of the collateral lines in the section TOMBAL-TRAHYSH of the Oxford English Dictionary (Clarendon Press). *Thome Fole* as a quasi-proper name is found as early as 1356-7; from 1337, says Sir James Murray, he is frequently mentioned by learned writers as *Thomas fatuus*. From a citation of 1565 we learn that Tomfoole kept geese. A reference of 1640 indicates that Tom had brothers: "A ffoole-reall . . . such ffooles wee commonlie expresse by the names of Tom ffoole, Dick ffoole, and Jack ffoole." The celebrity of Tom appears in the *Cornhill Magazine*, 1865: "More folks know Tom Fool, than Tom Fool knows." Considering the time that he has been in the public eye, it is surprising to find the authors of the "Rejected Addresses," 1812, set down as the first coiners of *Tomfoolery*. And though Southey in 1799 had struck out the epithet *Tom-foolish*, it apparently remained for Jerome K. Jerome so late as 1889 to bring in *tomfoolishness* in "Three Men in a Boat." The history of the word seems to show that *Tom Fool* should be employed as a kind of middle term between *Fool* on the one hand and D— Fool on the other.

The exact force of *Tom* as an element in word-formation demands the attention

of grammarians. In the case of spanners, screw-drivers, and gazelles, the *tommy* variety is small, or the smallest of its kind. But in the case of *Tomboy*, *Tomcat*, and *Tom Jones*, the *Tom* suggests the larger and more vigorous representatives of the boys, the cats, and the Joneses. *Tomboy* has Shakespearean and elder authority, though Stoughton, in 1622, says angrily that "of such short-haired gentlewomen I find not one example either in Scripture or elsewhere." *Tomcat* takes its rise from a popular anonymous work of 1760, "The Life and Adventures of a Cat"; being unacquainted with the work, we cannot say whether the hero owes anything to Tom Jones. Tom Thumb is traced back only to 1579; but Fielding, in a learned note to his tragedy, "Tom Thumb the Great," quotes Justus Lipsius as follows: "Thomam illum Thumbum non alium quam Herculem fuisse satis constat." By some irony of fate, George Moore, in the "Mummer's Wife," 1884, gets the credit for the introduction of *Tommy rot*, upon which, as noted in the *Chicago Advance* of 1895, wits have embroidered an adjectival ending: "A whole school of what has been humorously called erotic and *tommyrotic realists*, . . . asserting that progress in art requires the elimination of moral ideas." In this goodly concourse of Tommies, we miss Tommy Coddle and the fine phrase, *Tommy-coddle nonsense*, which should not be absent from a dictionary compiled, as Johnson says, "for the use of such as aspire to exactness of criticism or elegance of style."

One need not share the strongly conservative views of Mrs. Archibald Colquhoun's "The Vocation of Woman" (Macmillan) to say that scarcely anything so thoughtful, and at the same time so attractive and genial in style and spirit, has appeared in the literature of the subject. Mrs. Colquhoun offers an extensive discussion of the mental and physical differences of men and women, and takes the ground that women, though not inferior to men, are different, and should therefore have a different education and different occupations. Viewing the sex problem from the standpoint of conditions in England, Mrs. Colquhoun finds it to be created by the fact that, while marriage is monogamous, there are many more women than men. Under these conditions she holds that feminism, with its demand for the economic independence of women, single or married, is a game in which women have everything to lose and nothing to gain. For while, in a broader view, women are not inferior to men on the practical side of life, they are inferior *economically*; that is, they are unfitted for the grind of store or factory. Meanwhile, the family ties which feminists propose to loosen in return for economic independence are all to the advantage of women. The very meaning of monogamous marriage is that thereby the woman binds the father of her children to herself and makes him permanently responsible for the family welfare. Women cannot afford, therefore, to weaken the obligations of wife and mother; rather should they make it a point to emphasize those of husband and father.

The chiefly problematic question, then, is what to do with the surplus women. Here Mrs. Colquhoun advises an emigration of women to the colonies, where there is a surplus of men.

Sir Almroth E. Wright in "The Unexpurgated Case Against Woman Suffrage" (Paul B. Hoeber) is amusing, though less amusing than we had expected. One may suppose that Sir Almroth sat down in a blind rage after dinner and completed the book in the course of a single night. Only once does he betray any consciousness of humor—when he describes the male suffragist as the man who greets an anti-suffrage argument with, "Sir, do you mean to insult my wife?" Sir Almroth is determined that women shall be shown their place. Yet he regrets the necessity; for, according to his conception of the social contract, obedience is to be counterbalanced by chivalry. "Unexpurgated" is therefore an apology for rudeness as well as for indelicacy. Virtually all of the indelicacy is relegated to an appendix containing Sir Almroth's famous letter to the *Times*, in which he made the grim and rather telling suggestion that the suffrage movement is the outcome of sexual disorder. His dominant tone, however, is one of scandalized amazement. Can't you see, ladies, that you are not wanted here? What! One or more women on every public board or commission? Pray, tell us how we are to transact business with women around? And how are gentlemen to be guarded from indelicate and embarrassing situations? Sir Almroth Wright is not precisely a model of dispassionate reason; yet his statement that in England, owing to the preponderance of women over men, three-eighths of the women of marriageable age are unmarried, helps to explain the intensity of the sex war there, though the fact deserves a more considerate treatment.

Sir George William Ross, Senator of the Dominion of Canada and formerly Premier of the province of Ontario, died last Saturday. He was born at Ontario in 1841. A lawyer by profession, Sir George was elected in the Liberal interest to the House of Commons for West Middlesex in 1872, and continued its representative until November, 1883, when he entered the Mowat Administration in Ontario as Minister of Education. In 1899 he succeeded to the Premiership, which he held until February, 1905. He entered the Senate of Canada in 1907, and was knighted by King George in 1910. He devoted some years to journalistic work, holding various editorial positions; was the author of several historical works, and was a member of many scientific and educational societies, and the recipient of honorary degrees from a number of Canadian universities, as well as from St. Andrew's University, Scotland.

Miss Annie S. Montague, associate professor of Greek in Wellesley College, died on March 5 in Cambridge, Mass. She was graduated from Wellesley with the first class, that of 1879. In 1882 she received the degree of M.A. from the College, and the same year became an instructor in Greek. In 1893 she became

associate professor. She was also a member of various administrative committees.

Frederick Townsend Martin, who died in London last Sunday, was born in Albany December 6, 1849, the son of Henry Hull and Anne Townsend Martin. He was educated at the Albany Boys' Academy, and graduated from the Albany Law School with the class of 1872. Throughout his life Mr. Martin was interested in labor questions and settlement work, frequently visiting the Bowery Mission in New York. He contributed a number of articles on these and kindred questions to magazines, and wrote two books and a play. The first of his writings to attract attention was "The Passing of the Idle Rich." That was followed by "My Personal Experiences of Meeting Snobs," and a little later, "The Reminiscences of My Life" appeared.

The death at the age of eighty-four was recently announced from Milan of Luigi Monti, the last of the guests of Longfellow's "Wayside Inn," and a close friend of the poet. Monti, "a young Sicilian . . . in sight of Etna born and bred," was a member of the Harvard class of 1857, and was an instructor in Italian there from 1854-59. His wife was a daughter of Dr. William Thomas Parsons, also celebrated as the poet of the "Wayside Inn."

Science

The Grocer's Cyclopedia. By Artemas Ward. Published by the Author. \$10.

The Economy Administration Cook Book. By Susie Root Rhodes and Grace Porter Hopkins. Hammond, Ind.: W. B. Conkey Co.

The American Cook Book. By Janet McKenzie Hill. Boston: The Boston Cooking School Magazine Co. \$1 net.

Around the World Cook Book. By Mary Louise Barroll. New York: Century Co. \$1.50 net.

Fifty Years in a Maryland Kitchen. By Mrs. B. C. Howard. Baltimore: Norman Remington Co. \$1.50 net.

Dishes and Beverages of the Old South. By Martha McCulloch-Williams. New York: McBride, Nast & Co. \$1.25 net.

Believing that the grocers and general shopkeepers of the United States greatly needed a book giving information regarding their business, Artemas Ward issued, in 1882, "The Grocer's Handbook." It was so crude a performance that he now feels ashamed of it. During the three decades that have since passed, he has diligently gathered material for a better book, the result being "The Grocer's Encyclopedia," a large volume of 748 pages, which treats of more than 1,200 subjects. The author's activity, for twenty years, as editor of the *National Grocer*, gave him unusual opportunities, which he supplemented by writing letters of inquiry to all parts

of the globe. The result is a work of great value and interest—a book indispensable to intelligent distributors of foods and at the same time of importance to housewives, who would less frequently have inferior articles foisted on them if they knew just what to ask for and how to judge quality. In these pages they can find out when different fishes are in season; what are the best coffees, teas, potatoes, apples, wines, and so on. There are twelve pages on cheese, with descriptions of forty-eight varieties; twenty on coffee, with a color-page showing twelve varieties. Altogether, there are 449 illustrations, eighty of which are full-page plates in color; some of these are purely ornamental, but most of them are useful, as *e. g.*, the four which show the most important cuts of beef. Under Canned Goods many will be surprised to read that, while in the matter of quantity we hold the record, in variety Europe surpasses us, Holland having canneries which put up several hundred kinds of edibles. Incidentally, there is a great deal of miscellaneous information, such as how to cook bacon, how to eat mangoes, how to test butter. There are also general articles of use to all business men, such as Trade-Marks, Partnerships, Good Will, Window-Dressing. The subject of adulteration is not treated as fully as it might be; nor does the author dwell as he should on the advantages of refrigeration over freezing.

Recipes from nearly 540 of the best-known women of the United States are included in the "Economy Administration Cook Book." Mrs. Woodrow Wilson heads the list, and the authors tell the story of the Wilson family cook book, which is replete with gems for the good housekeeper. Several pages of recipes from it are reprinted, some of them in facsimile. There is a chapter on White House Table Ware. Mrs. Champ Clark contributes a few pages of reflections, interspersed with recipes, one of them being how to cook a beefsteak sufficient for two men, with a fire made of two newspapers. She is one of many contributors who represent the South. No section of the country is neglected. Mrs. Josephine Clifford McCracken, of California, tells how to make the "most delicious of all preserves" of skinned Muscat grapes. Few know how to cook rice; Mrs. Joseph Eugene Ransdell, of Louisiana, reveals the secret. We note a few errors of judgment in some cases, such as the statement that lemon peel improves the flavor of baked apples. Not if the apples have a good flavor of their own! Two men have been allowed to say a word: "Oscar," who contributes a few pages of recipes, and Dr. Wiley, who writes the preface, in which he laments the fact that "in buying we are getting farther away from the producer every year." The volume is adorned

with many portraits, and it has an elaborate index of 46 pages.

Janet Mackenzie Hill begins her "American Cook Book" by remarking that our cuisine has become cosmopolitan in character, the New England cookery having been superseded by cookery that has culled the best from every land and clime. This change is exemplified in her book, which does not, as its name might suggest, confine itself to specialties of the country. She begins with appetizers, and each of her chapters (on soups, fish, vegetables, meats, etc.) is prefaced by a few pages of general remarks, which all cooks should know by heart. Here is one: "Shortening makes tender pastry; water, tough pastry." Evidently, there is too much water in the national pie crust. Under "Salads" the amazing assertion is made that "a salad is not an acid dish"; yet she allows from one to three spoonfuls of vinegar to three spoonfuls of oil.

Mary Louise Barroll's "Around the World Cook Book" contains the culinary gleanings of a naval officer's wife. Louisiana gumbo, Argentine puchero, Hawaiian taro, Japanese fish paste, Swedish fish timbales, Italian gnocchi, Spanish steak, Mexican chili con carne, Turkish pilau, stewed kidney à la Creole—these are a few of the hundreds of dishes described. There is also a good deal of miscellaneous information about the care of furniture, cosmetics, perfumes, simple remedies, and first aids.

"Fifty Years in a Maryland Kitchen" is, like the "American Cook Book," more cosmopolitan than its title indicates, though it has a Southern flavor. It has long been a favorite, this being the fifth edition, a fact which speaks for itself. An excellent page is devoted to the important subject of making puff paste; but it saddens one to find, following it, directions for flavoring apple pie with cloves and lemon peel and juice. American apples are the best in the world. Why not enjoy their unique flavor as it is? Several pages are devoted to miscellaneous kitchen lore.

A special welcome must be extended to the last volume on our list to-day—Martha McCulloch-Williams's "Dishes and Beverages of the Old South." Here, at last, is abundant, readable, and trustworthy information about the much-vaunted Southern cookery, which, on the whole, merits all the praise that has been bestowed upon it. As a matter of course, there is a good deal about all sorts of cornbread and cakes, which in the South are so much better than in the North, where the corn is degerminated and deflavored. There are chapters on Creole Cookery, on all the principal kinds of food, pages on roasted possum, gumbo soup, cherrybounce, persimmon beer, banana pudding, etc. It should be specially noted that, while

many recipes are given in detail, the book is not a dry collection of such, for kitchen use merely, but a volume to be read in the parlor. The most important chapter is the one beginning with the assertion that "plenty in the smoke-house was the cornerstone of the old-time Southern cookery." The details given regarding the old-fashioned smoke-houses, with their special arrangement for supplying well-ventilated smoke, are of melancholy interest in these days of "liquid smoke" and denatured bacon and hams.

The *Bibliographie Géographique* for the year 1912, just issued by the *Annales de Géographie* is the twenty-second volume of this valuable series. The method of arranging the publications under the subject and countries, and the condensed explanatory notes of the editor, M. Louis Raveneau, and his fifty-nine assistants, give it a unique value and usefulness. Great care has been taken to record the geographical work of all the countries; there is, for instance, a list of the papers relating to the physical geography of the Balkan Peninsula published by the Servian Geographical Society. Nearly three pages are given to a record of the work of a Russian Geological Committee in the exploration of the gold-bearing regions of Siberia. The size of the volume is exactly the same as that of the previous year, but the number of works on the least-known parts of the earth has much increased, with a corresponding decrease of works on Europe. The United States is covered by 44 titles out of 1,039.

Drama

Goldoni: A Biography. By H. C. Chatfield-Taylor. New York: Duffield & Co. \$4 net.

Goldoni's life is often called "a comedy in itself," but neither the wildest of anti-classic melodramas nor the most extravagant of *scenari* can match his career in multiplicity of action. Through what changing scenes he moved, constant only in good humor and in passion for the stage! In Venice, at the age of eleven, he wrote his first comedy. At the Jesuit School of Perugia his *début* as actor won him a shower of sugar-plums—his only scholastic honors. He deserted the study of philosophy at Rimini to voyage homeward with a most amusing company of players. His father taught him a little medicine, his father's patients a little trickery, and his uncle a little law. Then, for more serious schooling, the tonsure, and the uniformed dissipation of the Papal College at Pavia, whence a too successful satire banished him. At Udine, in token of reform, he summarized Father Cattaneo's Lenten sermons in a sonnet sequence. Renewed study of the law became the background for a long series

of adventures, amorous and dramatic. He spent two years as coadjutor in the chancery of Chioggia; got his degree at Padua after a night of gambling; won his first case in Venice; and fled soon afterward from an ugly *fiancée*. In Milan he read his first opera to a troupe of pitiless professionals—and burned his manuscript the next morning. He saw courteous siege and stark battlefields in the War of Don Carlos. Austrian deserters robbed him of all his worldly goods save a tragicomedy, which won him employment as playwright with a company of Venetian actors. Their road led hither and yon across the peninsula, bringing him at length to Genoa, where he found a wife, and a commission as Genoese Consul to Venice. The chief event of his short consulship was the loss of a thousand pounds to a swindling captain who had persuaded him to enlist as auditor in an imaginary regiment. From Rimini, where he had enjoyed Spanish patronage, he fled with his wife before the Austrian advance. Their baggage was confiscated, their driver deserted them, and Goldoni forded the swollen Catolica with his wife on his back, remarking in mid-stream: "Omnia bona mea mecum porto." At Pisa he practiced humdrum law and adorned the local Arcady as "Polisseno Fegelo"—only to be captured and brought back at last to Venice by the comedians D'Arbes and Medebac.

Then the picturesqueness of his life diminished, and its real business began. Between 1748 and 1762 he wrote above one hundred and fifty plays—comedies, tragedies, tragicomedies, farces, operas, comic operas, interludes. Nor did he write in peace. He was fighting a long, hard fight against actors, managers, and public for the overthrow of the *Commedia dell'arte* and the establishment of true comedy of character; and he was at the same time defending himself from the parodies and invectives of a jealous imitator, Chiari, and a fantastic genius, Carlo Gozzi. Poor Goldoni! No wonder he had the "vapors"! "Sometimes," he writes, "my imagination was heated by the effervescence of the bodily fluids, and sometimes the animal economy was deranged by apprehension."

Finally, courage gone, he left his beloved Venice to become playwright to the *Comédiens du Roi de la Troupe Italienne*. He went with high hopes and resolute good humor. Not long after his arrival Mme. du Boccage wrote to Algarotti: "Goldoni loves Paris madly. Even the hubbub of the streets pleases him, and save for the opera and the high cost of provisions, he is enchanted with everything." But his comedians were unwilling to learn written parts; the struggle against improvisation and the Masks began all over again, and ended in defeat. After the

expiration of his contract, Goldoni lived on the precarious royal bounty, teaching Italian to the princesses and learning courtly etiquette. But the stairways of Versailles were a hard path for him—all his life he had been a republican at heart. Two weeks after Louis XVI mounted the guillotine, the Convention, on the motion of Marie-Joseph Chénier, voted Goldoni a pension of 4,000 livres. But death had found the old Venetian in his poverty the day before that vote was passed.

Happy the biographer with such a hero! Happy, but daring too, for Goldoni's own *Mémoires* are easily second among Italian autobiographies. Mr. Chatfield-Taylor's daring is well justified by the excellence of his work. He follows the course of the *Mémoires*, quoting frequently, paraphrasing and supplementing in an efflorescent style that is none the less spirited and compact, altering the proportions of the story to suit modern interest, and correcting the many inaccuracies by careful reference to recent monographs.

Besides the seven chapters devoted to biography, there are seven on the comedies of Goldoni, and three on special topics, The Improvised Comedy, Goldoni's Rivals and Critics, and Goldoni and Molière. In the chapters devoted to the comedies of Goldoni, Mr. Chatfield-Taylor discusses some sixty plays, giving in most cases a brief analysis of the plot, an account of the leading characters and their social milieu, and some criticism. In a few cases, typical scenes are quoted in translation. The analyses are clear and, in general, accurate. It is not true, however, that *Mirandolina* "has a hankering" for the Cavaliere, nor that he "offers her his heart and hand"; and Ottavio, in "Il vero amico," neither hides his money in a well nor dies on hearing of its loss. The *dramatis personæ* and their little worlds are discussed with amiable sympathy. To these discussions, in particular, the several prints of *genre* pictures by Pietro Longhi add effective illustration. The translations are dull—inevitably so, to be sure, for Goldoni is weakest in dialogue, as he is strongest in the gradual humor of consistent personality and in the cumulative fun of clever situation. His books, after all, are but fuller *scenari*, librettos for action. Isolated scenes cannot represent him fairly, least of all isolated scenes in foreign disguise.

Mr. Chatfield-Taylor's estimates of the single plays are on the whole catholic and just. He regards the Venetian comedies as finer than those in Italian, and "Le baruffe chiozzotte" as the best of all. He recognizes not only the great charm of this play, but its deeper significance also, for he calls it "the first comedy of any land to mirror truly and affectionately the common people, with-

out nobles to scorn them or clowns to belie them." Well-merited praise is given to several comedies that are often slighted, as "La dama prudente," "La guerra," and "Il matrimonio per concorso." The reviewer does not share all of Mr. Chatfield-Taylor's likings. "La bottega di caffè," for instance, is forced and poorly balanced, "La casa nova" inorganic and disagreeable, and "Il cavaliere e la dama" monotonous and verbose. On the other hand, the reviewer would claim a higher rating for "Gli innamorati," which would excel even "La locandiera" if only the third act were worthy of the other two, and for the perennially delightful "Ventaglio," the nearest equivalent, *in lingua*, of "Le baruffe chiozzotte."

Goldoni's work marks, for Italy, the return of literature to life. His predecessors had drawn almost exclusively from literary models; Goldoni drew from human nature. The purpose to be true to nature was clear and resolute in his mind. It is stated definitely and often in his letters, prefaces, and *Mémoires*, and it is carried into effect throughout the long series of the comedies. Voltaire, whose admiration for Goldoni was immediate and lasting, was wont to call him "the lovable painter of nature," a title well deserved and well bestowed. The types Goldoni chose for portraiture were the types of his own day and his own land: their permanence in interest bears witness to the fact that he was more concerned with their essential humanity than with their passing customs.

Nevertheless, as Mr. Chatfield-Taylor shows exceptionally well, Goldoni felt, and voiced, to some extent, the particular movements of his century. The laws of Venice made open satire impossible for him, and he was by nature a lover of peace and order, yet liberal opinions are expressed again and again in his plays. His aristocrats, for all their foreign titles, are drawn with a subtle and dangerous truth. Goldoni's enemies, at least, were not blind: he was more than once denounced to the Venetian Government for "exceedingly liberal and democratic tendencies." In old age, according to Clavière, "his greatest anguish was to be obliged to beg for the restoration of a pension he had received from Louis XVI: he warmly expressed the regret that he was unable to throw its patent into the fire that had consumed the attributes of royalty." And long before, in a comedy played while the first "Discours" of Rousseau was in the press, Goldoni had written: "Nature regards us all as equal, though the arrogance of the great does not deign to consider the small. The day will come, however, when one pudding will again be made of both small and great."

Goldoni not only drew from life; he sought to influence life. Mr. Chatfield-

Taylor, like the majority of modern critics, refuses to credit Goldoni with a moral purpose. "Nowhere," he says, "does Goldoni poise his lance and ride in battle array against the vices and follies of his time. Instead of making them an issue, he is content to point the finger." But Mr. Chatfield-Taylor's own summaries and quotations would serve to show that Goldoni did make an issue of the most characteristic vice and folly of his time, *cicisbeism*. Such plays as "Il cavaliere e la dama" and "La dama prudente" were clearly written with a reforming purpose; and there is scarcely one of the many comedies of the aristocracy in which the *cicisbeo* escapes sharp ridicule and straight invective. There is more than jest in Don Rodrigo's inability to understand why the stealing of a man's wife should be permitted when the stealing of his watch is forbidden. Moreover, Mr. Chatfield-Taylor, though he cannot see his hero with lance in rest, recognizes that Goldoni's own morality is an essential element in his enduring value. "In the breadth of Goldoni's sane vision," he writes, "and in the cleanliness of his mind, quite as much as in his unfailing humor and gayety, lie the sources of his glory." And, again, he terms Goldoni, "the most wholesome example of good humor in the realm of comedy."

The chapter on the *Commedia dell'arte* is distinctly inferior to the rest of the book. The general impression it conveys is fairly correct, but it is faulty in detail. Mr. Chatfield-Taylor is quite wrong, for instance, in saying or implying that written comedy in the Cinquecento could boast only a handful of writers gifted with the dramatic sense, that the mountebanks used outlines called *scenari*, that the *Commedia dell'arte* is merely a development of a popular drama devised by mountebanks, that the *lazzi* are always scenes, that Harlequin and Brighella appear only in *lazzi*, that the Doctor always speaks in the Bolognese dialect, that Pulcinella made his *début* in the sixteenth century, and that the libretto for Mozart's "Don Giovanni" was based on a *scenario*. The other chapters, however, maintain a high standard of accuracy in all respects.

There is a second work, and a notable one, between the handsome covers of Mr. Chatfield-Taylor's volume, a Goldoni bibliography by Prof. F. C. L. van Steenderen. Its main feature is a set of four chronological lists of Goldoni's writings. In the first list, "Improvised Comedies, Comedies, Tragedies, and Tragi-Comedies," there are 173 entries; in the second, "Books for Operas, Light Operas, and Interludes," 92; in the third, "Cantatas and Serenatas," 8; and in the fourth, "Miscellanea," 11. After the title of each work follow a few lines of apposite information. These

lists, more complete, more accurate, and more detailed than those by Rabany, will be of very great value to students of Goldoni. Neither the Pasquali prefaces nor the letters, it may be noted, are mentioned in the list of *Miscellanea*. From a fifth list, devoted to the English translations of Goldoni, it appears that twelve of the comedies and five of the librettos have been translated once or more than once. Professor van Steenderen apparently had not seen a copy of the earliest libretto translation he records, "The Accomplish'd Maid," of 1767, which is, as he surmises, a version of "La buona figliuola." It is of special interest both for its completion of a literary circle—"La buona figliuola" is adapted from the comedy "Pamela nubile," which was based on an Italian translation of Richardson's novel—and because it is, according to the preface, the "first attempt of bringing an entire Italian musical composition on the English stage, by applying our language to the harmony of their most excellent composer" (Niccolò Piccini). Finally, Professor van Steenderen adds a good general bibliography, containing some 600 numbers, in which the most important editions of Goldoni's works and the most important studies of Goldoni are registered.

The new volume of translations from Brieux (Luce) comprises the well-known "Blanchette" and "The Escape," which under its French name, "L'Evasion," was crowned years ago by the French Academy. "Blanchette," in type, is the most undramatic of plays; in view of the absence of conflict, plot, suspense, its distinguished success at the Théâtre Libre must be classed perhaps with the other anomalies in the history of that extraordinary institution. The chagrin of two provincial innkeepers at the failure of their duly certificated daughter to obtain the expected teacher's post leads to recriminations which drive the girl from home. After pitiful distresses in Paris (merely narrated in the play), she returns to accept thankfully the simple life and rustic wooer whom she had once rejected with contempt. This unfortunate girl, with her fatal diploma, her snobbishness, her textbook learning, and her show-case morality, brings out with commanding distinctness the faults of an educational system which unfits peasants to work with their own class without insuring them a livelihood among the higher circles. The usual charge of exaggeration has been brought against this play, but it seems to us that the abeyance of drama proper has allowed the author to handle the mere problem with good sense, good temper, and moderation. The three loitering acts in the sleepy parlor of a provincial inn have distinguished merit as a reflection of village life and character. The heroine, indeed, is hardly more than a pedagogic convenience, but her rustic associates are full of life, and the two parents, in particular, are masterly delineations, presented with transparent clearness, with

that instinctive justice which goes farther than the intention to be just, and with a sympathy so admirable in its latency as to elude possibly the perception of M. Brieux himself.

"The Escape" is inferior to "Blanchette" as literature, but is unquestionably a better stage-play; the art is still rudimentary, but the author has learned to make interest virtually continuous, to give his curtains the crispness of epigrams, and to dash at his point with a brusque precipitance which somehow lands him at his goal at whatever cost of dignity or discretion. The design, also, has its merits. The assertion of human will against fate is a theme of which age has not lessened the nobility, and "The Escape" has a really great moment when two victims of ancestral influence, descendants respectively of hypochondriacs and prostitutes, join hands in the strength of their mutual love and their common peril, to withstand the impending doom. Their instant relapse into commonplace after this brief exaltation might have been set down to ironic perspicacity in M. France; in M. Brieux its source is insensibility. The surrender of the couple on their first trial is disgracefully prompt; they are saved almost by hazard, and the close of the play finds them abjectly pleading for a remission of sentence from the dying physician who has volunteered to act as the mouthpiece of destiny. The play is at bottom less a repudiation of fate than an assault of Molièresque virulence on the time-serving, hypocrisy, dogmatism, and inefficiency of physicians. M. Brieux's difficulty, as the English preface indicates, lies in his failure to perceive that the man who wishes to prove that respectable physicians are charlatans in an esoteric sense must take care that the specimens he depicts shall not be charlatans by popular standards. The confutation of the author of "The Escape" may be left to the author of "Damaged Goods."

The materials and agents in this play are prevaillingly second-rate, amorous intrigues that even Paris would find contemptible, and characters who are underbred and puerile in the precise ratio of their claims to gentility and education. There are no gentlemen in M. Brieux's salons; you may find one here and there in the servants' hall or in the pasture. He is an honest man and a good citizen, but the tone of his mind does not correspond with the generosity of his pursuits. A propagator of ideas, he is hardly thoughtful; engrossed with morality, he lacks elevation. A not indiscriminating preface, marred by a few incautious statements, has been contributed by H. L. Mencken. The publishers have seen fit to entrust the rendering of M. Brieux's French into our vernacular to a gentleman who is conversant with neither language.

The performance of "The Merchant of Venice," which Philip Carr has been giving successfully in his Little English Theatre, in Paris, has been transferred to the Court Theatre in London. A prominent critic says of it: "The performance is well worth a visit. The play is given without cuts or transpositions; it is played straightforwardly and intelli-

gently; and though the cast has its weak spots and the ensemble its occasional moments of roughness and feebleness, a very fair idea of the play is presented. Certainly the Shylock of Mr. Michael Sherbrooke is notable. Mr. Sherbrooke does not attempt the majesty and terror of the Irving Shylock, nor does he give us the downright comedy of the Poel or traditional Shylock. What he excels in is malignity. His malignity is horrible. And with it he is not in the least afraid of such comedy as is consistent with his reading of the character. He fawns and grins and cringes; he may positively be said to 'chortle' with evil joy as he drags off Tubal to the synagogue. He is the Jew of the comic stage and the comic papers, as well as the most meanly malignant Shylock that we have seen. As Portia Miss Maire O'Neill is perhaps a little monotonous in the early scenes; but there is glowing passion in her scene with Bassanio; she speaks her two great speeches quite beautifully, meaning and music bearing out each other, and her conduct of the trial (the whole of which is sensibly and knowledgeably staged) is just and entirely rid of the usual faults.

Charles Frohman promises a revival of "Diplomacy" for next season, with William Gillette as Henry Beauclerc, Blanche Bates as Zicka, and Marie Doro as Dora. This arrangement suggests the nucleus of an effective cast, but a good deal will depend upon the selections for the Julian, Orloff, and Baron Stein. As Henry Mr. Gillette will challenge comparison with some famous impersonations, notably those of Charles Coghlan and Lester Wallack. Of all the Zickas up to the present time Rose Coghlan's was the best. Miss Bates's interpretation will be awaited with interest. The part of Dora, of course, presents no particular difficulty.

The once famous melodrama, "The Silver King," is to be revived in London, in May, for the benefit of King George's Pension Fund for Actors and Actresses. There will be a very special cast, and the performance will be given in His Majesty's Theatre. The possibility is suggested that E. S. Willard may be induced to emerge from his retirement and resume the part of Capt. Skinner—The Spider—in which he won one of his earliest successes. Henry Arthur Jones and Henry Herman were the joint authors of the piece, which in general workmanship and character was greatly superior to most melodramas of its period.

Sir Herbert Tree has now decided upon Bernard Shaw's "Pygmalion" for his Easter production at His Majesty's Theatre in London. The play is a fantastic piece of work, originally designed for Mrs. Patrick Campbell, who will appear in it as a Cockney flower-girl, qualified to play the part of a duchess by the instruction of a professor of phonetics. The part of the professor will be played by Sir Herbert Tree. The play, which is in five acts, was originally produced in October last at the Burg Theatre, Vienna. A fortnight later it was acted at the Lessing Theater, Berlin, with critical and popular applause. It was translated by Herr Siegfried Trebitsch.

A project started some two years ago

has at last taken definite shape, and on April 16 next the "Agamemnon" of Æschylus will be performed in the ancient Greek theatre of Syracuse. Nearly twenty-four centuries have passed since Hiero I. embellished his city with the theatre which tradition attributes to the architect Democopor Myrilla. The theatre itself is one of the largest as well as the most ancient in the Greek world. Cut out of the rock of the hill upon which it stands, it has a diameter of nearly 140 yards, and still possesses forty-six rows of the sixty which once formed the amphitheatre. The nine divisions of these rows of seats can still be distinguished, as can also the altar of Dionysus, which stood in the centre of the orchestra. But the great beauty of the theatre is the superb view commanded by the upper ranges of seats, a view which comprises the Island of Ortygia, the valley of the Anapus, the Great Port, and the wide reaches of the Ionian Sea. The translation of the "Agamemnon" that will be used is by Prof. Ettore Romagnoli.

Music

My Art and My Friends. By Sir Frederic H. Cowen. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$3 net.

Throughout the English-speaking world Sir Frederic Cowen is known as the composer of some very popular songs. His "Scandinavian" symphony introduced him into many concert halls, and it is only one of six symphonic works he has produced. He has also composed four chamber-music works, four operas, three operettas, five oratorios, and a number of cantatas. In England he has long been admired as one of the best of native conductors. In London and other cities he has come into contact with many eminent men and women, not a few of whom became his intimate friends. Of these he writes in a chatty way. One of them was the poet Browning, for a time his neighbor; he had "the curious habit of always walking with his umbrella or stick over his shoulder, as if he were carrying a gun." Throughout his book Mr. Cowen's main object is the entertainment rather than the instruction of the reader. There are many pages of anecdotes and jokes, some of them rather stale; but we do not remember having come across the one told of Brahms, who, on listening to a new work, was observed making a knot in his handkerchief and, when asked why he did it, answered: "To remember that pretty melody by."

Incidentally, one gets interesting glimpses of English musical activity during the last fifty years. Mr. Cowen happened to be born at Kingston, Jamaica, but he was only four years old, in 1856, when his parents returned to England. He was a youthful prodigy; at the age of six he composed a waltz, and at eleven he made his first public

appearance as concert pianist, on which occasion the black nurse who had been brought over from Jamaica cried out proudly, to the amazement of the audience: "That's my boy! That *my* boy!" Santley was one of those who helped him by singing his early songs. Lloyd was another great singer by whose friendship he benefited. At seventeen he composed his first symphony. After studying at the Leipzig Conservatory he returned to London and joined Mapleson's Opera Company as accompanist, coach for the soloists, and drill-master for the chorus. There was in those days much indifference to the proprieties, artistic or other. Thus, in Ireland, during the performance of an opera, it was not unusual for the audience to stop the prima donna and make her sing "The Last Rose of Summer," "The Minstrel Boy," or some other popular favorite, before the performance was allowed to go on. Not to be outdone in informality, the members of the company at Limerick one day fastened the bill posters to their backs and paraded the town in the capacity of their own sandwich-men.

The experience gained by Mr. Cowen during his travels with the Mapleson Company were of good use to him later when he undertook to write operas of his own. Four he composed, but none of them was a success. He writes of his failures with perfect frankness and good cheer, but with the conviction, nevertheless, that under more favorable conditions his "Thorgrim" was, and still more, his "Harold" might have been more fortunate. "The British composer who writes an opera under present conditions is doomed beforehand to failure," he declares. British patriotism, so conspicuous in politics, literature, art, sports, does not extend to music, and, least of all, to serious operatic works. Influential subscribers of Covent Garden actually protested against the inclusion of an English opera in the repertory. Another impediment lies in the lack of good librettos, concerning the art of writing which the author has some remarks worth heeding. In the last analysis, however, Sir Frederic feels that the blame lies largely on his own shoulders. The critics praised his "Thorgrim," the performance was excellent, but all these things "are of no use without that indefinable *something* which attracts the public and holds it in sympathetic interest throughout a performance."

The form of native art most relished by the British public is the ballad. To this class Cowen has contributed a number of specimens, of which some have become popular; nor is he ashamed of this, though he admits that the best ballads are not usually the most remunerative. In Wales he was surprised to find that the place of the ballad or

the folksong is so often taken by the hymn tune. In his wanderings he frequently came across small parties of Welsh folk "seated on the grass slopes, singing in good four-part harmony any pieces they could remember, chiefly hymns." A trip to Australia as musical director of the Melbourne Exposition gave him an opportunity for antipodal comparisons, which on the whole are flattering to the Australians.

"The Guide to the Chassevant Method of Musical Education," by M. P. Gibb, is announced for publication next month by the Frederick A. Stokes Company.

Of "The Vanity of Vanities," a new choral symphony by Granville Bantock, recently produced in London, the *London Times* says that Mr. Bantock "is most himself when he escapes from 'the vanity of vanities,' when he indulges in a piece of word painting, the wind whirling about continually, for instance, when he abandons the words to develop a quasi-Oriental dance sung with closed lips imitating the sounds of flute tunes and drum rhythms, or when he bursts into a brilliant C major phrase, 'Go thy way, eat thy bread with joy, and drink thy wine with a merry heart.' . . . Mr. Bantock is exploring the technique of the chorus, not perhaps doing anything as enterprising with the voices as Berlioz did in the 'Symphonie Fantastique' with muted horns and muffled drums, but still searching out their possibilities consistently."

Richard Strauss has completed the score of his ballet. It is now being printed as his opus 63 under the title of "Eine Josephslegende," by Adolph Fürstner in Paris. The duration of the work will be about the same as that of "Salome." The first performance is to be in Paris, by Russian dancers.

For pianists, amateur as well as professional, an indispensable book is Ruthardt's "Wegweiser durch die Klavierliteratur." It contains carefully classified and graded lists of nearly everything of value in music for the piano, either alone or in combination with other instruments. The utility of the book is indicated by the fact that the eighth edition of it has just been published by Gebrüder Hug & Co. in Leipzig. It is thoroughly revised and greatly enlarged, and the author tells frankly what he thinks of certain anarchistic tendencies in the music of today.

Sibelius is at work on his fifth symphony.

A clique of "freakish-looking fanatics" gave "frenetic applause" to Arnold Schönberg's "Kammer-Sinfonie" in Berlin the other day, while others in the audience indulged in hisses and cat-calls. Caroline V. Kerr writes in the *Musical Leader* that "the chamber-symphony is written for fifteen solo instruments and is as laden with dissonances as an overheated motor. Throughout the score there is nothing that could be designated as a theme or characteristic figure, but the small orchestra goes joyfully on its way, obeying to the letter the scriptural injunction

of not letting 'the right hand know what the left is doing.'"

Art

PICTURES AT THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM.

The Metropolitan Museum has just published a "Catalogue of Paintings" from the competent hand of Curator Bryson Burroughs. Now, to publish a thoroughgoing catalogue might seem a most normal proceeding for a great museum. As a matter of fact, it is still rather an exceptional grace. It is only in Germany that one has the right to assume the existence of well-made catalogues, and it is only about ten years since the Metropolitan Museum has made the preparation of such catalogues a regular part of its policy. The "Catalogue of Paintings" marks a stage in a very active process of weeding out bad pictures, buying good ones, and rearranging the galleries. Within ten years the Metropolitan Museum has gained great funds for purchases, and in the same period has been systematically strengthening its staff. In the most conspicuous exhibit we have the opportunity of reviewing this development.

On the side of rearrangement too much good can hardly be said of the work. It was to be expected that Director Robinson would secure a chronological arrangement, but few probably realize how difficult it was to effect this. At last all the older schools are displayed in order and chronologically, while such individual exhibits as the Wolfe, Hearn, and Vanderbilt collections, although escaping the general historical classification, have been brought into relatively harmonious relations to the rest. Ten years ago the galleries looked like two very fine private collections—the Marquand and Vanderbilt, with several mediocre private collections appended. Nothing could be learned except with great difficulty, and rather little could be enjoyed. Of course, that confusion had its sufficient reasons, and was nobody's fault. All the same, high credit is due to those who have straightened out the tangle and have made the galleries almost without exception places of instruction and of high pleasure.

The new Catalogue gives occasion both to review the purchases of recent years of quick expansion and to consider the present condition of the collection as a whole. When one remembers that the great purchasing funds of the Museum put it far in advance of all European competitors, the purchasing success of the Museum has not been brilliant. A kind of mediocrity has perforce presided over the choice, for it is the choice not of an individual, but virtually of two committees, an informal committee of the staff and a stated com-

mittee of the trustees. No quick or brilliant transaction is possible under these conditions, and a kind of law of averages prevails. Illustrative examples are the purchase by the Museum of the least attractive member of a Paolo Veronese series at the moment when Mr. Frick was buying the two preferable pieces; or the recent purchase at a great price of a metallic and mannered composition, the appearance of which entirely belies its ascription to the greater Tintoretto; or the purchase of a Bellini Madonna that has merely a faint echo of the quality of the most delightful of Venetians. Against such acquisitions should in fairness be set the splendid Correggio, Four Saints; the Carpaccio Pietà, the Rubens, Wolf Hunt, and many a more modest purchase, either intrinsically desirable or historically apposite.

Some acquisitions leave one perplexed. Take the Botticelli St. Zenobius: one is glad to have so imaginative a thing on any terms, and yet reluctant to see anything so marred by old neglect and recent restoration. Such considerations tell the story of the recent buying campaign. It has been only fairly successful, and this will be the case so long as the buying is done by committee. Of course, this may be a business necessity of the situation. One can imagine the state of mind of trustees towards the spending of the great sums in their charge. It is hard to delegate such spending without the usual business controls. Yet the fact remains that only one museum buys freely and well, namely, the Kaiser Friedrich Museum at Berlin, which has prospered mightily under the benevolent tyranny of Dr. Bode. Incidentally, the best buying in the Metropolitan Museum has been in the department of decorative art, where the articles are too numerous to be passed by any committee, and in the classical department, where the Director may be able to influence the committee more than any curator could do. The whole matter of museum buying remains to be worked out, and it must be admitted that if the Metropolitan Museum in its picture-buying is doing only moderately well, few museums are doing conspicuously better.

Taking the collection as a whole, with some twelve hundred pictures, in mere numbers it approaches the famous foreign galleries. In French painting of the nineteenth century no museum but the Louvre is better supplied. This is the only point of unqualifiedly favorable comparison with foreign museums generally. Whatever the growth in other directions, there has been significant growth. The collection of Dutch and Flemish old masters, while not large, is singularly complete and well balanced. It is by far less rich than similar collections in the second-class museums of Europe, but it is well selected and,

broadly speaking, entirely adequate to the especial needs of the Museum. In Italian and Spanish old masters merely a good beginning has been made, and pictures of first importance are exceptional. It may be the Museum leaves the Spanish field to the Hispanic Society, whose gallery is notably rich. The most pressing need is the systemic upbuilding of the Italian galleries. The scarcity of fine examples and the great prices make the task staggeringly difficult; still much is already under way in filling the gaps. When we turn to English painting of the eighteenth century the prospect is more cheerful. It is not a remarkable display from the point of view of quality, but no museum outside of England has a better one. In French painting of the eighteenth century the Museum is lamentably deficient. Prices here are become almost prohibitive, and the Museum must depend largely on gifts.

The Early American school still needs building up; the later American painters are represented with appalling generosity. Here, largely owing to the liberality of the late George Hearn, there has been a steady increase. On the whole, the buying has been well done, and the gifts no worse than need be; but we believe this influx of canvases by living artists is distinctly a misfortune for the Museum. Much of this material is not worth museum honors now, and most of it will simply go to fill the storerooms in a matter of twenty years. In its own defence, the Museum will be forced either to limit such exhibits severely or put them under a separate roof. That would be far the best plan, a kind of American Luxembourg for contemporary art, from which the pictures of abiding value might be culled out for permanent exhibition. The weakest aspect of the Museum's policy to-day is precisely this patronage of contemporary art. It is not the buying itself that need be objected to, but the premature placing of work of unproved value in a museum devoted to the approved work of the past. The solution is an extramural department of contemporary art.

It should be added that the Altman collection will bring a great accession of strength, especially in Early Flemish and Dutch painting; but, unhappily, these pictures can never be put in historical sequence with the general collections. The task of balancing the collections goes on with much system and intelligence, but without much insight. A kind of collective intelligence may be got from committees, insight is solely a product of individuals. The danger of the Metropolitan Museum, for here the galleries of painting are merely symptomatic of a general condition, is that of being overfilled with objects which, while of a certain historic and archaeological significance, are of no high artis-

tic merit. Museums thrive not by historic sequences, but by the possession of masterpieces, and masterpieces are much rarer in the Metropolitan Museum than need be, considering the greatness of its funds and the capacity of its staff.

As Mr. Bryson Burroughs's "Catalogue of Paintings" represents the first systematic scrutiny of the Metropolitan Museum's collections, many new attributions of familiar pictures are only to be expected. Mr. Burroughs has provided rather a careful hand-list than a full-fledged catalogue. There is brief information about each artist, a terse identifying description for each picture, and, when necessary, a brief note concerning attributions. Recent acquisitions have usually been fully studied in the Museum *Bulletin*. References to these articles are a welcome convenience. At all points conciseness has been the aim. The student would welcome information as to provenance—and it seems to us that in exceptionally interesting and important cases such information should have been given. However, one must rather admire the consistency with which the text has been kept down to bare essentials. A fuller catalogue will doubtless follow in due course. Throughout, the work has been conducted with good sense and sound scholarship. We notice no serious slip except in the account of Antonello da Messina, where the latest discoveries have not been taken into account. The catalogue introduces an interesting novelty in the use of the Cutler system of library classification for numbering the pictures. Each artist is designated by his initial with a coefficient, and the pictures are designated in the order of acquisition. Thus R 28 is Rembrandt's number. R 28—2 means the second Rembrandt acquired, to wit, the Portrait of a Man in the Marquand collection. An appended S indicates a school piece. R 28S—1 denotes the old copy of Rembrandt's Adoration of the Shepherds, also in the Marquand gift. The system is entirely flexible. It was adopted particularly because the Metropolitan Museum is in rapid growth and naturally wishes to avoid perplexing change of numeration. But the system seems equally good in all cases where museum material can be classified under artists' names. The weakest point in this catalogue is the typographical arrangement, which is confusing, but easily amended. By printing the artists' names in a heavier face, the present confusion with the titles of the pictures would be avoided. This is an improvement that should be made in a second edition. This catalogue comes as the crowning record of a long process of weeding, purchase, and rearrangement, by which within ten years the attractiveness and usefulness of the galleries have been doubled. The steady production of handbooks like the present is the surest evidence that a museum can give of the possession of a competent and devoted staff. Mr. Burroughs is to be congratulated on the successful accomplishment of a task requiring not merely scholarship but a high degree of tact and good judgment.

"The Renaissance of the Greek Ideal," by Diana Watts, is announced for publi-

cation next month by the Frederick A. Stokes Company.

In his "Raphaelstudien," a handsomely printed pamphlet of forty-eight pages (Berlin: Hyperionverlag), Mr. Oscar Ollendorff presents with further evidence and new extensions his interpretation, first published in 1896, of the figure of Aristotle in the School of Athens. The substance of this interpretation is that Raphael's Aristotle is an embodiment of the "perfetto cortegiano," the Renaissance ideal of the many-sided, cultivated aristocrat. In support of this view are cited Castiglione's own application of the term "cortegiano" to Aristotle, the grace, dignity, and air of moderation expressed in the figure, and Raphael's friendship with Castiglione and other members of the court at Urbino during the period to which the dialogues of the "Courtier" are attributed. Castiglione himself had derived his ideal from the "Nicomachean Ethics"; the virtues of his courtier are explained as lying midway between two extremes, equally avoiding excess and defect. Further, Raphael himself was a courtier-nature, in Castiglione's sense, marked as such by his love of classical antiquity, his enthusiasm for learning, his aspiration towards lofty ideals, and his personal grace and charm. Thus it is by no accident that he should have become interested in Castiglione's speculations, that he should have embodied in his Aristotle a conception of which Aristotle was the real originator, and that he should have introduced his own portrait into the picture, upon the Aristotelian side. The last circumstance is the more significant as being the sole instance in which Raphael himself appears in any of his compositions.

The figure of Aristotle is held by Mr. Ollendorff to be the culmination of a series, showing Raphael's gradual realization of an ideal of manhood in which grace should be conspicuously present. Later the Christian ideal supplanted the courtier-ideal; the apostles of the Vatican tapestries are akin, not to Aristotle, but to the Plato of the School, a type of exclusively spiritual striving, neglectful of external graces. But the Christ of Feed My Lambs still retains certain features of the Aristotle-type, with such differences as must distinguish the heavenly Prince from the earthly courtier. Mr. Ollendorff brings both scholarship and sympathetic insight to his interpretation of Raphael, whose aristocratic culture he believes to be inadequately appreciated in the present democratic and materialistic age.

Finance

UNDOING THE MISCHIEF OF THE PAST.

When the Supreme Court, acting under the Sherman Law, began to decree the dissolution of certain great so-called "Trusts," there was an agonized outcry, from both Wall Street and the investing community. Wall Street's distress was caused by the conviction,

which had been carefully instilled into its mind by the financial leaders, that we could not go on doing business successfully without these enormous combinations of corporations. The misgivings of the outside investor were inspired by his notion that "dissolution" meant destruction of plant, good will, and business profits. Both very soon turned out to be curiously mistaken. The separate companies, released from the domination of one company which controlled them all through the machinery of corporate ownership, continued to do a successful and prosperous business.

This gave a somewhat different turn to the public's point of view. Even the simple-minded began to realize that these huge combinations, which had been talked of as if prosperity itself had been originally created by them and could not exist without them, were in reality experiments of a single decade; that they were the outgrowth of a period marked by conceptions of finance which often verged on delirium, and that many of them had been notorious failures. As a further inference, it began to be dimly felt that the outcome of "dissolution" might also mean return to a sound and stable condition of affairs.

But the so-called great Trusts were not the only new phenomena of "combination" in that period of extravagance and delusion. Three contrivances were introduced with a flourish by our financiers of 1899 and 1901. One was the "community-of-interest" idea, whereby one company (usually in the railway field) would buy up a block of shares in another competing company, hold those shares in its treasury, and elect one or two directors in the other corporation. The notion seemed to be that competitive concerns would thereby, so to speak, direct one another's affairs and remove unpleasant competition. This expedient lost its vogue when it was found that "community-of-interest directors" were virtually snubbed by the regular managers, and excluded from active participation in the management.

The "holding company," which bought up other corporations by exchanging its own shares for theirs, was the next expedient. The United States Steel was one of these; the Northern Securities was another; the Standard Oil yet another. Their purpose was, first, to annihilate competition between the companies bought up, and, secondly, to concentrate control perpetually in a few hands. Those purposes were often denied, but the denials were wasted words. The Northern Securities and Standard Oil decisions of the Supreme Court put an end to the process.

The third expedient was the buying up by one company of the shares of another, and raising the money for the purpose through issuing a bond of the purchasing company, secured only by

the shares of the company acquired. The Mercantile Marine and the Interborough-Metropolitan did this, and so did the Rock Island. That is what gives peculiar interest to the present situation in the last-named property. In most cases where the expedient was employed the collateral trust bond was issued on the credit of a strong existing company, which had used that machinery to keep under its own control the other company whose shares were deposited as pledge for the bonds.

But the men who in 1901 used the proceeds of their reckless company promotions and wild speculations to buy up control of the fine old Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific property carried the process to its last analysis. They constructed a fictitious "holding company"; put the old railway shares under a collateral trust bond, issued by another fictitious company owned by that shadowy concern, and, in exchange, presented themselves with the collateral trust bonds and with no less than \$140,000,000 in stock of the "holding company"—stock which had absolutely no property or assets back of it except the shares of the old railway, all of which were pledged as security for the 4 per cent. collateral trust bonds.

Financially considered, this performance was clearly nothing but the recapitalizing of a railway for three times the amount of stock on which it had previously paid a conservative dividend. Considered as a physical experiment, it was lifting one's self into prosperity by the boot-straps. But the projectors of the scheme had a different end in view, which, in fact, was cynically avowed at the time. Their purpose was, as in the case of the other peculiar expedients of 1901, to control a company without keeping their capital tied up in it, and, for this reason, the ringleaders of the Rock Island promotion expected to keep the "holding company's" preferred stock (which alone controlled the board of directors), and sell their common stock and collateral trust bonds, which had no control at all.

They succeeded in getting the common stock and bonds into the public's hands. But they overlooked two facts which are now seen to have been ahead of them all along. One was, that skill in constructing paper corporations does not make men respectable railway managers. The other was, that when interest should be no longer paid on the collateral trust bonds, the holders of those bonds could automatically acquire the shares of the whole railway property, and leave the "holding company" with nothing.

This is the situation which has developed in the Rock Island, as a sequel to the foolish performances of a dozen years ago. It is a situation which at least points its own moral—equally with the dissolution of the enormous

"Trusts"—as to the economic worth and value of the New Finance of 1899 and 1901. It raises the query whether it was not the deficiencies of our corporation law, rather than "tendencies of the age," which really made possible this unscrupulous thimble-rigging, in the face of the courts and the police. It conclusively answers the question—not often asked, however, nowadays—as to whether we should not all have been better off if our Government had left "Big Business" to its own devices.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

- Appel, Joseph H. *My Own Story*. Platt & Peck. 50 cents net.
 Barclay, Mrs. H. *East of the Shadows*. Doran. \$1.25 net.
 Bower, B. M. *Flying the Ranch*. Dillingham. \$1.25 net.
 Brown, W. *The Judgment of Very Weak Sensory Stimuli*. Berkeley: University of California Press.
 Brucker, E. *Botany. Zoölogy*. Doubleday, Page. 50 cents each net.
 Camp, W. *Auction Up to Date*. Platt & Peck. 50 cents net.
 Carson, W. E. *Mexico*. Macmillan. \$2.50 net.
 Champagne, M. *Love*. Boston: Badger. \$1.25 net.
 Cohn, A. M. *A Bibliographical Catalogue of the Printed Works Illustrated by George Cruikshank*. Longmans. \$5 net.
 Curwood, J. O. *Kazan*. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. \$1.25 net.
 Delbrück, H. *Numbers in History*. London: University of London Press.
 Dussaud, R. *Introduction à L'Histoire des Religions*. Paris: Leroux.
 Dusserre, A. *Jean and Louise*. Doran. \$1.20 net.
 Ekblaw, K. J. T. *Farm Structures*. Macmillan. \$1.75 net.
 Evans and Merhaut. *Ein Charakterbild von Deutschland*. Heath. \$1 net.
 Fleming, G. *Life's Little Tragedies*. Longmans. \$1.30 net.
 Freshman English. Ed. by Young. Holt.
 Gatterman. *Practical Methods of Organic Chemistry*. Trans. by Schober and Babasian. Macmillan. \$1.75 net.
 Gerould, K. F. *Vain Oblations*. Scribners. \$1.35 net.
 Gibbs, Hamilton. *The Hour of Conflict*. Doran. \$1.25 net.
 Hamsun, Knut. *Shallow Soil*. Trans. by C. D. Hyllested. Scribners. \$1.35 net.
 Hanshew, T. W. *Cleek of Scotland Yard*. Doubleday, Page. \$1.25 net.
 Hornblow, A. *The Price*. Dillingham. \$1.25 net.
 Hulbert, W. D. *Forest Neighbors*. Doubleday, Page. 50 cents net.
 James, Henry. *Notes of a Son and Brother*. Scribners. \$2.50 net.
 Joyce, P. W. *Irish Names of Places*. Longmans. \$1.75 net.
 Keays, H. A. M. *Mrs. Brand*. Boston: Small & Maynard.
 Keeling, F. *Child Labour in the United Kingdom*. London: King.
 Larned, L. H. *One Hundred Salads. One Hundred Cold Desserts*. Scribners. 50 cents each net.
 Leupp, F. E. *A Day with Father*. Scribners. 50 cents net.
 McCutcheon, George Barr. *Black is White*. Dodd Mead. \$1.30.
 Masefield, John. *The Tragedy of Pompey the Great*. Macmillan. \$1.25 net.
 Middleton, Richard. *Monologues*. Mitchell Kennerley. \$1.50 net.
 Mitchell, A. *Studies in Bergson's Philosophy*. Lawrence: University of Kansas Press.
 Nichols, W. F. *Some World-Circuit Saunterings*. San Francisco: Elder.
 Persian Manuscripts, Catalogue, Metropolitan Museum. Ed. by A. V. Williams Jackson. Columbia University Press.

Presidents of the United States. Ed. by J. G. Wilson. 4 Vols. Scribners.
 Rabindranath Tagore. Chitra. Macmillan. \$1 net.
 Récit et Contes de la Guerre de 1870. Ed. by M. S. Bruce. Holt. 35 cents net.
 Redgrove, H. S. Experimental Mensuration. Van Nostrand. \$1.25 net.
 Reyes, Rafael. The Two Americas. Trans. from the Spanish by L. Grahame Stokes. \$2.50 net.

Reynolds, B. A Doubtful Character. Doran. \$1.25 net.
 Roy, Lillian E. Five Little Starrs on a Canal Boat. Platt & Peck. 35 cents net.
 Selden, Charles A. Everyman's Garden Every Week. Dodd, Mead. \$1.25 net.
 Sherman, C. A Wise Son. Indianapolis: Bobbs, Merrill. \$1.25.
 Stambler, B. Les Roumains et les Bulgares. Paris: Pedone.

Street, G. E. Gothic Architecture in Spain. Dutton. \$2 net.
 Swanwick, H. M. The Future of the Women's Movement. London: Bell. \$1.
 Tapper, Thomas. The Boy as a Citizen. Platt & Peck. 35 cents net.
 The Empress Frederick. Anonymous. Dodd, Mead. \$2.50 net.
 Turner, H. H. Tables for facilitating the use of harmonic analysis. London: Milford.

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